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TATE MAY START SUITS

Former Lake Co., Treasurers or Bondsmen May Have to Settle

MEANS MILLIONS TO STATE

Lake County's former Treasurers were, Marrie, Foote, Gridley, Price, Ames and Westerfield

Will the state take the necessary steps to collect fees from county treasurer who have held the office for the past twenty years? And if so just who will be obliged to settle? And in fact what will be the outcome of the whole matter now that the Supreme Court has ruled that inheritance tax fees belong to rather the county now the treasurer but to the state? Are the questions that are uppermost in the minds of many of our readers.

Legal opinions differ on the subject at the present time these questions can not be answered with any degree of certainty. In the case of Lake county there seems to be an unusual amount of uncertainty. Those who have held the office in this county during the period above stated are:

John M. Foote (deceased.)
George S. Gridley, Chicago.
L. C. Price, St. Paul.
Fred E. Ames, whereabouts unknown, and the retiring treasurer Carl P. Westerfield.

In the case of the latter, the question as to his ownership of the fees has been pending his term of office and he has kept the money intact pending the case of the higher courts.

In the case of Foote and Ames, the case of the other disappeared along his \$27,000 shortage hence their names only can be defendants in action that might be taken by the state. In the case of Price and Gridley are still in the country and likely to be ready to answer in any suit of sort that might be started.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion as to whether or not the state can recover from the bondsmen of Ames for any monies which may be due the state. While some are of opinion that the incident was closed when the bondsmen were forced to pay the \$2,000 discrepancy discovered shortly before Fred Ames died, there are others who maintain just as strongly that this in no affects any action the state may take.

It is pointed out that the county and state are two entirely different organizations and as such one could not satisfy simply because the other can secure a judgment. As an example it is pointed out that simply because one creditor secured judgment against a man this action would be no to another creditor, stepping in and following the same course.

It is this the case the bondsmen of Ames may be obliged to dig into their pockets once more despite the fact that they thought the matter was settled when they made up the other shortage. Some legal light contend, however, at such suits would be directed against merely the signers of the state and not those who might have been on the county bonds of the year's treasurers.

Investigation shows that a county insurer's bond covers a period of 20 years and is not ended in its responsibility inside of ten years as many believe.

To Overcome Timidity.
Don't believe that you are unable to overcome timidity. You think you are because you have always been able to control conditions and people in your favor. Start the fight for you may some day find your courage, and without the money to yourself an audience for your parties.

Less in the Dark.
Giving a prisoner only \$10 for kisses a woman against her will at Lake, the judge said it was worth it as the kiss was delivered in the

LUNG MOTOR WINS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION MEDAL

Lake county people who have watched the progress made by the lungmotor manufactured by a company headed by Frank T. Fowler and in which much of Lake county's money has been invested will be greatly interested in the achievement of this wonderful life-saving device.

In communication with Lake county Mr. Fowler says: The day I have longed for has arrived!

The lungmotor was Thursday unanimously awarded the gold medal by the awards committee of the International Safety Exposition which is holding a big convention in this city. This is the highest possible award.

The lungmotor is absolutely the only mechanical respirator which has withstood the mechanical and physiological test in the many that it was put to.

The chairman of the awards committee said it one of the few mechanical devices of any kind he had ever inspected which showed perfection in each detail. The little machine kept a woman under water tonight, drawing an enormous crowd to our display in Grand Central Palace.

Frank T. Fowler.
As Mr. Fowler states, this is the biggest achievement of the lungmotor, for while the government has endorsed it and while many associations, medical societies and other organizations have approved it in every way, the greatest desire of the promoters has been to get the gold medal and recognition it brings at this international safety exposition now in New York.

The lungmotor was put up against the pulmotor and other respiratory devices and Mr. Fowler was confident all along that his apparatus would show up with credit and even out-distance what other similar machines might do.

MILK PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION WILL MEET IN WOODMAN HALL, JAN. 2

The Milk Producers association held a meeting in the Barnstable hall at Lake Villa last Friday afternoon, for the purpose of discussing the ways and means of fighting the tuberculin test and federal quarantine. Not only was this meeting of interest to the members of the association but to every cow owner as well.

Secretary Kittle was present and spoke on the tuberculin test, giving many inside facts of the situation.

It was suggested that each dairyman or cattle owner sign a pledge binding themselves to pay the sum of twenty-five cents per head for the purpose of fighting the test.

Objects which read as follows: "We, the undersigned Cattle Owners and Milk Producers in the district around _____ agree to pay into the local treasurer's hands the sum of twenty-five per cent per cow, to be used for the suppression of the tuberculin test proclamation and the federal quarantine, out of which fund our portion of assessments to be made by the Board of Directors of the Milk Producers' Association are to be paid. The first assessments to be ten cents per head and other assessments to be made if, and when needed, were then circulated and were signed by the majority of those present. This plan is being followed in other counties and Lake county, was not slow in falling into line.

The next meeting of the association will be held in the Woodman hall at this place Saturday afternoon, Jan. 2, at one o'clock sharp. Every one interested in the farming or dairying is urged to attend.

Skim Cream on Bottles.

A novel method of skimming all the cream from milk contained in a bottle or like vessel is to use a large round disk of rubber which takes a slightly concave shape. It being hung upon three light aluminum rods or wires. Slipping the disk in edgewise and below the surface, it then takes the flat position and can be drawn out with all the cream.

Mrs. Bumpweather Explains.

"I have observed," says Mrs. Bumpweather, "that when I am extra kind to people they think I am easy-going and take advantage of me. But I can well afford to laugh, because it is perfectly true."

Chicken Thief Wrote Verso.

After cleaning out a chicken coop in Birmingham, Ala., the chicken thief left the following note: "Lord, have mercy on my soul, how many chickens have I stole, last night and the night before, coming back tonight and get 25 more; remember coming back tonight."

FARMERS WARNED; NO PAY?

Shurtleff Declares That State May Not Reimburse Farmers for Cattle

WILL INTRODUCE A BILL

Cattle Owners Should Not Give Their Consent to Have Their Cattle Killed by the State

Edward D. Shurtleff issued a warning to farmers Saturday telling them that they should refuse their consent to the slaughter of cattle afflicted with foot and mouth disease as the state may never pay them.

His statement is as follows:

"The foot and mouth disease among cattle—I know nothing about the nature of the disease or how serious it is, nor how much necessity there may be for the slaughter of herds where this disease exists, the State Board of Live stock commissioners should assume all of the responsibility. The Board of Live Stock commissioners have the authority in all cases where contagious and infectious diseases exist to order the herd slaughtered, if the board deems it necessary to slaughter to stamp out the disease.

"There is no question whatever about the authority and power of the Board of Live Stock commissioners or that the board can order a quarantine as it sees fit. It seems in many cases that the Board of Live Stock commissioners do not like to take the responsibility of ordering a slaughter of herds, but ask the owner to consent to a slaughter and statements are being made to owners by inspectors and others that if owner consents to have herd slaughtered he will be paid for his cattle, that the United States government will pay one half and the state the other half. The owners of the herds should not consent to have them slaughtered on any such promises. Who knows whether the state will pay anything or not? It is a matter of very serious doubt whether the state will appropriate any money for this purpose or not. This draws in the question of paying for cholera hogs, glandered horses, tuberculin tested cows and the various breeders' organizations of the state are already organizing to ask the state to pay for their animals slaughtered, and to pay the prices of full blooded animals, and all of this together makes it a very serious question whether any animals slaughtered will be paid for by the state, regardless of the position that the members from this district may take favoring such a payment.

State Senator William Compton will introduce in the coming session of the legislature a bill providing that the state pay its share of the six hundred odd thousand dollars in claims filed by farmers, whose stock was slaughtered but until it is passed there is always a doubt about it becoming a law and until it does, there is scant chance of any remuneration to the farmers.

When Was He in the Legislature?

"The legislature, pa—?" "The average legislature, my son," replied J. Fuller Gloom, "is a debating society wherein nobody knows what he is talking about, and does not care anything about what anybody else is talking about."

Dry Atmosphere.

"I like this quaint little mountain village of yours, Walter. I suppose I can get plenty of oxygen here." "No, sir; we've got local option."—Sacred Heart Review.

Despite the Little Fears.

Don't be afraid of shadows. They are really not dangerous of themselves, and have often been known to be quite friendly—especially in sweethearts' times. You were not afraid of them then.

Optimistic Thought.

One's duty is to accept the challenge of the coming day.

Recording Sound Waves.

A new Gorman method of recording sound waves employs a lead pencil line of varying thickness, formed on a strip of paper by an electric current influenced by the vibrations.

FOX LAKE YOUNG MAN IS VICTIM

John Walsh Found Dead in Chicago Rooming House With Woman

THOUGHT TO BE SUICIDE

Family of Young Man Prostrated Over Terrible Tragedy That Has Fallen Upon the Family

Quite a sensation was sprung in the little village of Fox Lake last week when by a round about way word reached there of the death of one of its residents, John Walsh, who was found dead in a rooming house in Chicago in company with a woman supposed to be Miss Hazel London.

Walsh, had been on jury duty in Waukegan; the fore part of the week and it was there that his relatives supposed him to be, but later developments showed that he had borrowed the money thus earned, in advance, from a friend and had evidently taken an afternoon train from Waukegan to Chicago. There he met the lady above mentioned and together they went to a rooming house on West Lake street.

In the morning the landlady, detecting the order of escaping gas apparently coming from the room let to Walsh the night before, caused the door to be broken open which resulted in the discovery of the two lifeless bodies. The only means of identification was a hunters license which was issued to John Walsh, Fox Lake, and dated Aug. 27, 1914, and also a post card bearing the same name but addressed to Waukegan. By tracing up these clues his parents were located at Fox Lake and identification was established beyond a doubt.

The father of Walsh immediately took the necessary steps to claim the body.

Young Couple Spring Surprise

Lester J. Osmond and Helen E. Naber have just revealed the secret of their marriage which took place some time ago. The young couple thinking to spring a surprise on their friends stole away before the fall term of school started and were quietly married. Their parents wishing them to continue with their school work until the end of the first semester decided with them to keep it a secret. But now Lester acknowledges the fact and is setting up by the cigars. The young couple have not made definite plans as yet for the future but after January 1, will make it their home with Mrs. Osmond's parents for a time.

Their many friends are wishing them a long and happy married life.

What Tuberculosis Costs.

It has been estimated that deaths from tuberculosis cost the nation half a million dollars annually through the loss of wages and the value of the things workers would produce if they were not suffering from the disease. To conquer this enemy of the human race more than \$20,000,000 a year is expended. That the good work is progressing is shown by the fact that in 20 years the death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced from 215.1 to 158 per 100,000 population.

Lemberg and Limburg.

There is but one Lemberg, in Austria-Hungary, the place in Galicia that was recently taken by the Russians. There is a Limburg in Germany, a Limburg in the Netherlands and a Limburg in Belgium.

Bacon's Good Advice.

Let states that aim at greatness heed how their nobility and gentry multiply too fast. In copious woods if you leave your stables too thick you shall never have clean hardwood, but scrub and bushes.—Bacon.

Advice for the Timid.

Don't be afraid to be alone. Until you overcome such fear, you are in a pitiable state of dependence. It means that you must tolerate your presence upon some other human being at all times, welcome or not for you will grow selfish in your fear, and ignore the rights of others.

REPORTS SHOW NO HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE AT GAGE'S CORNERS

It now develops that the cattle on the Hathorne place at Gages' Corners are not subjects of the hoof and mouth disease as was at one time declared. As will be remembered the cattle were not killed immediately upon discovery of their symptoms but were closely watched for further developments.

On Saturday last Dr. Butterfield, of Libertyville and Dr. McBride of the federal department, went to Gages' Corners where they inspected the 17 cattle on the Hathorne place. When they had finished, they declared without any qualifications that the cows did not have and had not had the disease which some weeks ago it had been stated they were believed to have.

They found that the mouths of a few were sore but their hoofs were not affected in the least. They examined the cows closely and stated later that the sore mouths likely came from eating corn stalks. None of the ones not affected with sore mouths on the first visit of the inspectors were later taken with it, showing that the mouth trouble these cows had was nothing serious or contagious.

Accordingly, the quarantine that was placed on the Hathorne place pending developments in the condition of the cows, was lifted Saturday and farmers in the vicinity are much relieved.

"There isn't a case of the foot and mouth disease in Lake county at the present time. It has all cleared away and I believe the coming of the snow will prevent further spreading of the disease," said Dr. Butterfield in reference to the situation. Dr. Butterfield, as an assistant state veterinarian, is the first man always called in on such cases in this county.

MANY CASES OF SMALL POX IN VILLAGE OF BRISTOL

It is reported that small pox has broken out in the village of Bristol. Probably a half dozen cases in a light form now exist and it is probable that a number of other people have been exposed. However physicians declare that there is nothing alarming in the situation. The cases are said to be all of the mildest type and in fact some of the patients are very near recovery.

Prompt measures have been taken to prevent a further spread and all homes afflicted with the disease have been quarantined. The school has been closed but it is not expected that these conditions will exist for any length of time.

For some time Bristol children have been suffering from chicken-pox and for this reason the physicians in the neighborhood were in doubt when the disease was found among several of the adults of the village.

Dr. Stevens, health officer of Bristol called Dr. McShane by telephone on Thursday afternoon and notified him that he had a number of suspicious cases in the village. Dr. McShane hurried to Bristol and the two physicians made an examination, which convinced them that the patients were suffering from a light form of small pox.

Christmas entertainment and social doings have been canceled and it is hoped that the cases may be confined to the homes where they now are.

Affected the Hair.

The fair creature's head looked like a haystack. Each separate hair stood out. "What's the matter, dear? Your hair is standing on end." "I put it up in curl papers last night, and the newspaper I used was filled with horrible crimes."

Castor Oil Protects Feet.

Castor oil will prevent feet from becoming sore on a long walk. It should be poured on the feet, especially between the toes.

Arkansas Diamonds.

Since the discovery of diamonds in Arkansas, in 1908, 1,315 stones, aggregating 550 carats, have been found there.

Sympathy.

Sympathy with pain is not the highest form of sympathy. Anyone can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend's success. Sympathy with joy intensifies the sum of joy in the world. Sympathy with pain does not really diminish the amount of pain.—Oscar Wilde.

Wasted Lives.

He that spends his time in sports is like him whose garment is all made of fringes and his meat nothing but sauces; they are healthless, changeable and useless.—Jeremy Taylor.

COWLIN REMAINS IN JAIL

Olson Fails to Get Man Out of Jail Despite the Pardon of Governor

SHERIFF REFUSES LIBERTY

Avers that McHenry County Man Must Pay \$900 Fine Before He Will Permit Him His Liberty

Despite vigorous efforts of State Senator Olson and Attorney V. S. Lumley, Adriel Cowlin is still in the McHenry county jail.

Last week friends of the man serving sentence for illegal sales of malt liquor in dry territory believed they had been victorious in their fight for his freedom. They had a pardon from Governor Dunne, commuting the remainder of the thirty-day jail sentence imposed upon Cowlin by Judge Smiley.

When they faced Sheriff Wandrack with the paper, however, they received a set back. Wandrack refused to release Cowlin until a fine more than \$900 had been paid in cash at the rate of \$1.50 a day in the county jail.

State's Attorney Joslyn, who prosecuted the case against Cowlin, has threatened to go before the grand jury to find out what means were used to get what he terms an illegal pardon.

Friends of Cowlin declare that action may be taken against the county official for failure to honor the order of Governor Dunne in refusing freedom to Cowlin.

The full text of the statement issued by Governor in connection with the pardon of Cowlin, which has precipitated a new fight in the McHenry county cleanup campaign, follows:

"In connection with the pardon of Adriel E. Cowlin, this day granted, would state that when application was first made to me I referred the matter to give both sides a full hearing, which hearing was had at Joliet.

"The first recommendation, which is now on file, was that no pardon be granted; and no pardon was granted. Since the first recommendation a statement was signed by the defendant, under oath, in which he solemnly promises not to sell the malt known as 'Tonica' again. Cowlin stated that he had had some of the malt analyzed by a chemist before his conviction and it was pronounced not intoxicating by the chemist and by the mayor of Woodstock who had a test made of the malt.

"In view of the statement made by the state's attorney at the Joliet hearing before the board of pardons that Cowlin can secure his release from imprisonment whenever he will satisfy the trial judge and the state's attorney that he will not re-engage in the sale of malt liquor in anti-saloon territory, and in further view of the fact that said Cowlin has made this offer to the state's attorney of McHenry county, and that his release has been refused by the state's attorney I have this day pardoned the said Adriel E. Cowlin upon his solemn promise, in writing before T. H. Bruhn police magistrate, that he will never again enter into the saloon business or engage in the sale of any spirituous, vinous or malt liquors; or in any way violate the dram shop act as long as the territory in which he lives remains anti-saloon territory."

Surprise was general however, when it was learned that the Sheriff of McHenry county, on the order of the court refused to permit the prisoner to be taken out. However it is thought that some effort will be made to pay the fine and bring about Cowlin's release.

Cowlin is well known and the details of his incarceration in the McHenry county jail has caused considerable interest.

More Fruits Should Be Used.
It is rather strange how few people know the medicinal value of our common fruits and vegetables. What a pity more fruits and fruit juices are not used.

Very Easy.

"It is said that two people can live on less than one. How do you account for it?" "Necessity."

The Impossible Boy

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

(Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Gypsies and artists, society folk, reckless Bohemians, bold conspirators and a performing bear unite to keep this story pacing down the road to Arcady. From the care-free life of wandering gypsies along the highway you are carried to the strangest, gayest spot in Gotham's fascinating Bohemia.

CHAPTER I.

Of Introductions.

"You see, Mr. Jones, so many people are introduced, who never really meet," said Pedro, "that it seems a pity those who could meet have to wait for an introduction, eh?"

Mr. Jones stopped licking his front paws, and raised his head, the tip of his nose twitching attentively. For several moments he looked at Pedro with an unwavering stare, and then, as though suddenly remembering what he had been about, resumed the lavalatorial process. It might be mentioned in passing that Mr. Jones was a small brown bear, fat, young and intelligent.

Pedro rolled over in the dried yellow grass, luxuriating in its warmth, and in the poignant odor of autumn foliage turned to flame by long absorption of the summer sun. To the youth, lying in the stubby grass life seemed just now to hold all too many possibilities, and he was filled with a sort of self-pity, because he could not grasp them all.

Although it was only mid-afternoon he had already stolen away from Beau-Jean, Rico and the others, in order to fight out the battle of an important decision in privacy. But now that he was alone with his problem and his bear he found himself afraid of the former, and to put off the evil moment when he must think in good earnest he talked to the animal. The lad reached out a slim, brown hand and took up one of the newly leaved paws.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" said he solemnly. "I am delighted to meet you!—That's how they do it, eh? Now, I call it silly that some one has to say a charm before two others are permitted to make an inquiry after the health! What do you think, Mr. Jones?"

The bear gave a little grunt and thrust his nose into the boy's palm. "Ah! I knew you would agree," exclaimed Pedro. He gave the creature's ear an affectionate tweak and then spread his slender length upon the ground again.

"I liked that girl," he continued aloud, "you should have seen her, Mr. Jones; she had red hair. Not horrid red, but red-gold like—like joy! All crisp and curling it was. And such a beautiful pale face. She looked at me, you must know, but I did not dare to speak, because she would not have answered, and that would have been a tragedy. Why should she speak to a ragged young man to whom she had never been introduced? Of course, she would not! I wish she had, though, because I liked her. . . . But I could look at her. That was something! There was a line, amigmo mlo, from her chin to the base of her throat—ah!"

He rolled over again, burying his face in his folded arms. One long sigh escaped him, and then a second, for the mention of that beautiful line from breast to chin had reawakened his subdominant problem—the problem of his future, and of his life work. Happy as he was, he could no longer put off a decision regarding it. The craving to get at the occupation nearest his heart had been gathering strength these many months past and was now straining at the leashes of his will, tearing him from one dearly loved way of life to another, scarcely tried, yet which called him ceaselessly. Was he to continue free—a mere dancer of bears? But free? Or should he at last become a painter, chained to his work by ties as strong as those which held his bear, for all they would be invisible?

Before his mental vision arose the phantom of what he would find interpret and depict. The spires of cities, smoke from the altars of commerce, teeming multitudes of men and women. Shops, lights, color, movement, broad boulevards adorned by the equipages of the rich; narrow alleys where the poor jostled and barked at push-carts in the murky glare of lamps; visions of broad rooftops, spreading here on acre, mile on mile—a veritable ocean of roofs stretching far as eye could see, covering more pain and passion than the heart could know, more colored with joy than the hand could depict.

But how could he let go this infinite variety of every day? Ah! he could not; it was impossible! Renounce the long, white road that led to nowhere, yet which brought one to a new place each hour? Renounce the nights spent beneath the open heavens: the sweet summer nights among the meadow flowers; the winter twilight, when he and the bear cowered down together in the hay of a lonely barn, or if they were rich, procured the privilege of a tavern kitchen with the spoils of the evening's performance? Oh, blessed days of journeying among simple adventures, tramping all through the noon, or loafing long hours and dreaming! Now, it was a group of children, laughing for glee at Mr. Jones' dancing, then a curious crowd in a sordid village street, enticed into morriment and self-forgetfulness by his antics. At another time Mr. Jones, sedate and full of decorous tricks, was solemnly exhibited to the inhabitants of a great country house. And there were the road houses at night. Here, he and the bear would dance the "coquette"

(learned in Paris), to the accompaniment of uproarious applause; and the harvest was rich, thrown clinking into the apron of Old Nita, one of the little troupe to which he belonged. Ah! those were the gay nights!

Past the last few months his thoughts flew back to journeyings far and wide: white roads of Lorraine, a theatrical little village near Naples, where Mr. Jones had worsted a rival in combat for honors on a market day; Holland, where the bear had stolen the little wooden shoe from the tulip-selling girl, and where they met the gigantic Beau-Jean, and he, with his wife, Guevriere, and the great, grizzly Koko had joined them. That made a company of six, for already there was Rico, his bear and his Anna, and Nita—that wicked Old Nita, who danced the "coquette" herself when they, bears and all, went late one night to the Dal Bodin in Montmartre. How funny she had looked, dancing, with her shapeless old mouth a-smiling!

Tramp steamers! The smell of them came sharply across the autumn wind. Weeks of motion and of stretch, and then at last the dying of the engine-throb, the crowding and the jostling, and the great rush out upon the shore of some new land. On such a voyage it was that Carlos and Hermania had joined them, bringing a cinnamon bear.

Where had not these eight been—what roads they had traveled together under sun and moon!

This host of memories Pedro felt in their essence, in a single breath, as it were, bereft of detail save for some picture of a small incident or two, trivial, but never to be forgot. The heart of that past life he held for a moment in his own. Not now he could not give it up. And yet, this other call, which had been with him, it would seem, since birth, was now grown too strong for resistance. Before his eyes he must see the thought of his heart depleted by the labor of his brain and hand. He must paint! He was an artist, an artist!

"I will go!" said Pedro shudderingly. Then, as if shedding the past, he squared his shoulders.

"Come!" said he to the animal. "We shall return to camp and tell them what we are going to do."

Not until he was within a hundred yards of the road did Pedro realize that he had been trespassing on what now evinced itself to be a country estate of some pretensions; and at this point the fact was made manifest by the sight of a cedar and fir hedge. Near by was a closed gate, flanked by pillars of old brick and soapstone, giving access to a narrow footpath which wound along at the base of the hill he had just crossed.

Apparently he had been dreaming away the afternoon upon the farming section of the place. The sloping ground which lay between him and the hedge was smooth and soft, and tempted by it, Mr. Jones lay down and rolled a little way. Then he got up and trotted on some distance in advance of his master. The road was very near now, and there came a sound of pattering footsteps from it and the swish of light garments. Through the somber evergreens Pedro could see a gleam of white, moving swiftly. Then came the noise of heavy tramping—a man's step this time—a man in haste at that. Then a woman screamed, her frightened cry ringing out sharply.

The bear, moved to curiosity by the sound, plunged through the hedge and disappeared, and Pedro, grasping his staff like a cudgel, set off down the slope at a run, reaching the hedge only a moment later than the bear. The fragrant branches whipped across the boy's face as he rushed past, emerging breathless upon the highway. A dramatic scene awaited him.

Down the road a thoroughly frightened tramp was speeding from the terrifying and wholly unexpected appearance of the bear, a cloud of dust enveloping his horrified retreat. Close to the gateway, her horse clasped frantically to her bosom, stood a girl, bewildered and alarmed—a girl whom the last sunbeams bathed in glory, gleaming on her hair that was "red-gold, like joy." And to complete the picture, there stood Mr. Jones, erect upon his hind legs, his tongue lolling out and his clumsy paws waving from her to Pedro.

It was an introduction. That she was almost as much frightened by the bear as by the tramp, whose attempted robbery the animal's sudden appearance had frustrated, was clear. At sight of Pedro she screamed again.

"Oh! the bear! Help, help! Oh, take him away!" she cried.

"Ah! said Pedro sharply, addressing his pet. But Mr. Jones did not obey immediately, and for a moment the three stood as if transfixed. Then the bear dropped to all fours, and the girl, who had been looking at the bear, turned to Pedro.

"—the bear did, that is. In another instant that dreadful man would have had my bag. Not that I would have cared so much about the money, you know," she added a trifle apologetically, "but I have registered letters in it for my father. I have just come from the post office, and if they had been lost . . . but, perhaps, you do not understand English?"

"Oh, yes!" said Pedro, taking his eyes from her slender throat and flashing a brilliant smile at her. "Oh, yes, indeed, I understand you!"

"Then please let me thank you," said she, her interest in him growing every moment.

"But there is nothing for which I may receive thanks!" he protested. Actually, she seemed to consider the bear's introduction sufficient. Fumblingly he removed his wide, soft hat and clasped it upon his head with both hands. How she stared! Waiting for him to speak again, she gave her chin a tilt which accentuated that heavenly line. Involuntarily he pictured drapery behind it, his artist's soul longing to depict it. Like a Madonna.

"It should be blue!" he said aloud in a queer, choked voice.

"What did you say?" asked the girl with a puzzled expression.

At realization of his speech his confusion became complete, and suddenly his one idea was to escape her watchful eyes.

"—that is to say, sir—it was Mr. Jones entirely," he stammered, "I did nothing, and it was all the bear."

"But he is your bear, evidently," she replied, "and I insist that he share the thanks with you."

"Thank you!" said Pedro eagerly. "You do not know the exquisite delight—ah—oh!" Gasping, he sought to extricate himself from the awkwardness of the impulsive compliment he had half-blurted out.

"Forgive me, gracious lady, or—I must go now!" he finished lamely.

"Well, I give you my most grateful thanks, whether you take them or not," said she with a smile. But he was now too embarrassed to rally and did what one often does upon attaining a desired situation: became suddenly panicky and ran away from it.

"I shall hold your words in my heart," said he, and then, with a gesture half beseeching, half apologetic, and wholly graceful, he swept his hat upon his head, and calling the bear, set off down the road.

The wording of his speech was odd and unexpected, and the manner of his departure so precipitant that it looked like a retreat. For as long as he remained in sight she stood staring after him, her interest in him comforted by his flight. With a sigh she was scarcely conscious of uttering, so faint it was, she reluctantly turned in at the gate in the hedge and went slowly along the little winding path.

CHAPTER II.

A Belief in Signs.

But Pedro walked rapidly, so that the bear had difficulty in imitating the pace. The youth had now definitely made up his mind to take the new course of action, for this second vision of the beautiful lady had confirmed his resolution, and he felt he must get back to the others quickly, in order to tell them before he had time to change his mind. As he walked he kept muttering "blue, blue!" and his brows were knit furiously.

He had to pass some villas with a semi-suburban look about them, and then an old-fashioned street, where commerce and conservatism rubbed shoulders. Next, by switching off from this neighborhood, he passed between rows of frame houses, which diminished in their appearance of importance and prosperity the farther he went, until finally the street, if such it could properly be called at this point, was fringed only by shacks that leaned ineffectively over the gutters, or braced themselves at a fearsome angle against the slanting little gardens at their backs.

When these humble habitations came to an end there stood an old barn amid a stony field, scattered over with paper, rubbish and discarded cans. In the lee of the dilapidated building a fire was burning upon the ground, and about it a group of people had gathered. Over the blaze a kettle had been hung, into which an old woman was throwing greens from her apron. Near her, his back against the barn, lay a giant of a man, with a patch over one eye. This was Beau-Jean, the mighty Provencal, who at this moment was engaged in carving an elaborate design upon the base of a bear-stave; while beside him lay the great animal tucked under its paws. Two younger women—Gunny, Beau-Jean's wife, and sturdy Hermania, wife of Carlos (who lay asleep near by)—were mending their shoes. At a little distance, Anna, the pretty and irresponsible, was weaving a garland of bright, golden maple leaves, Rico watching adoringly, the while he pretended to

be busy nuzzling the wounded paw of their animal. At sight and smell of his familiar Mr. Jones trotted up, eagerly sniffing as he came. Old Nita aroused herself at his approach.

"Pedro, you have let him loose again, oh, careless one!" she cried; "some day he will betray you and be off or, worse yet, stolen."

"Cross Old Nita!" replied Pedro, stepping into the lighted circle and smiling at her. "He is too fond of me to run away—aren't you, old fellow, eh? What's to eat?" he inquired, stooping over the kettle. "Oreons! is that all?"

"There is rye bread—a single loaf," responded Nita. "Thanks to your going off by yourself, we have only taken in a few pennies all day!"

"You know very well, Aged One," responded Pedro, "that you take in as much alone as with me, or very nearly. And as for going off! Well, I have something to tell you, but all must hear. Let us gather together first, and eat."

So far the conversation had been in Spanish, the native tongue of these two. Now, as the conversation became general, they fell into a patois English, the language of the road, sometimes slipping into French, sometimes back into Spanish, their talk being as polyglot as their origin.

"Now, do you want to hear, eh?" Pedro asked, addressing the company.

"If so, I shall tell my plan," Beau-Jean replied first, in his deep, husky voice.

"Let the little one tell his notion. The plans of Pedro have brought many a laugh, and so many a coin from the crowd on the market street."

"My shoes will not stand another mending," said Hermania. "If Pedro can tell a plan to get others I will heed."

"The lad has wit; did he not conceive the praying trick for Koko?" mumbled Old Nita. "Come, child, what has thy brain devised now to help us?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Pedro. "Why do you say these things on this night of all nights? I cannot endure it! Call me evil names, and abuse me, rather! Please! It is almost too hard for me to do, and yet I must! Amigos! It is for myself only that I am planning—my notion will not help you, alas!"

He buried his face in his hands, and for a moment there was an astonished silence. Such an outburst of emotion on the part of their joyous Pedro was a thing undreamed of by any of them. Into the silence the voice of Old Nita broke tremulously.

"Hast thou slaved, even as I, that thou weepest so? What is it, Pedro of my heart?"

"No, no!" he cried, raising his head. "I have not slaved, but I have seen a line—an exquisite curve from an oval chin to the base of a white throat."

"Ah! In love!" exclaimed Rico and Anna simultaneously.

"No; again no!" cried Pedro. "I do not love it, but I've got to paint it!"

There was another interval of puzzled silence, broken this time by Beau-Jean.

"Oh, little Pedro," said he, "what do you mean by 'paint it'?"

"Just that," said Pedro, striving to conquer his emotion. "I am going to be an artist, a painter. Don't you understand?"

The little group stirred relievedly. This was nothing so terrible, after all. Then for a few moments all spoke at once, voicing their relief. Hermania's query made itself evident above the clamor of the rest.

"But why does this distress you so? Always, always you have made pictures. Pictures of us all, of every where, of everybody; always, always scribbling little pictures upon bits of paper! Where is the trouble?"

"The trouble comes because I shall have to leave you all," said Pedro sadly. "I must go to the city, where I can have the right things to work with, and colors—colors—colors! I must learn about them. It will be hard, but I can do it."

"Go away! Leave them!" Such a clangor as they raised! "I have tried not to do this," he said as soon as they let him speak, "but I can't help it. The art—it bosses me now!"

"But where shall you go?" asked Nita.

"To New York; it is nearest," replied Pedro.

"And how will you live?" from Carlos.

"I do not know."

"Who will teach you?" queried Hermania.

"I do not know."

"And those colors, where will you get them?" asked Anna.

"I do not know."

"And knowing nothing, you are yet determined to go?" Beau-Jean demanded.

"Yes," answered Pedro, stubbornly. "Then," said Beau-Jean, with a sigh, "it is our plain duty to help you."

"How will you do so?" asked Pedro eagerly.

"I do not know that, either," responded Beau-Jean.

Next morning the eight set out together for the city. Whatever strange undertaking Pedro was considering, they would all go along and assist if possible. And so, without any idea save that of action, they set forth, determined though indefinite.

The coppers of yesterday were all expended for breakfast, and the first step toward the beginning of a day being accomplished, they betook themselves to the railroad track and walked beside it. But noon came and passed, and still no granite towers loomed before their expectant eyes. Finally, to rest themselves, they turned from the wearying, shining vista of rails, and seated themselves upon the dead grass beside the mile post that bore the discouraging legend:

N. Y. 25 M.—Harrison 1 M.

By this time all were tired and hungry. Worse yet, the bears were hungry—a condition to be reckoned with before the need of the masters.

"Let us go," suggested Pedro, "into the town which this dusty road leads to, and dance the bears, pass the hat, and eat, eh?"

The suggestion needed no seconding. With groans and complaints they got to their feet again, and set off for the village.

But fate was not smiling upon them just then. The town was almost deserted at this hour. Besides which, near the end of the performances, Toto, who was supposed to "tag," raised his voice from his usual growling monotone to a hungry growl. That sent the watchers running off in all directions. Luckily Old Nita counted the earnings.

"Only seven pennies in all," she complained. "Better to have rested beside the railroad."

"It is not enough to feed one bear, even," remarked Beau-Jean, "and I am as hungry as two."

Meanwhile Pedro was talking to himself. "You got them into this; otherwise they would have traveled the regular way. Now you get them out." Then Pedro noticed a dingy lunch wagon by the broken curb, some fifty feet away. At the entrance to it stood a fat man with a dumpy, fleshy face. His hands were tucked beneath an apron whose immaculate whiteness shone out conspicuously among the gray surroundings. The man was motionless, as though he had become petrified while waiting for customers who never came.

"Ah!" said Pedro aloud. "I have an idea. Stay where you are, all of you, until I beckon."

Then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he strolled nonchalantly away in the direction of the lunch wagon.

It was a dingy affair, as has been said, and upon its tawdry sides the lettering had grown dim. Still, it was easy enough to make out the inscription:

—The Elite—

Pies, Coffee, Milk, Frankfurters

Over the doorway was an invitation to "walk in," and underneath this the owner's name—"Lease Lovejoy, Prop."—had been printed small. Pedro added up to the individual who, it would seem, bore this name and title.

"Business thriving, 'bout here?" asked Pedro conversationally, by way of an opening.

The man gave him a glance, but without moving to do so.

"Nope!" he replied.

"What! In a place where travelers must pass so often?" Pedro exclaimed, lifting his eyebrows.

"Yep!" said the man, still motionless.

"What is the trouble? Are there no travelers?"

"Travelers, all right," said the fat man, "but no customers! No one stops here!"

"What's the trouble, do you think?" Pedro inquired.

"The lunch-wagon trust!" exclaimed the man. "I'm an independent, I am; but everywhere I go where there might be good business done—say a corner near a factory, or any such real wide-awake place—one of them trust wagons is there before me, all shined up and covered with gold paint and 'plato glass.' A fellow like me ain't got no show."

"Why don't you spruce up a little, then, eh?" asked Pedro.

"Why don't you buy somethin' so I'll get the money for to buy the gold paint with?" retorted the other.

"Because I have no money," Pedro replied.

"Same reason here, in answer to your first," cried the fat man triumphantly.

"Supposing, now," said Pedro, "that I could put you on the right track to competing with those trusts, eh?"

"What d'yer mean?" demanded the man.

"Those wagons of the trust—they are all alike!"

"Yes," said Mr. Lovejoy, "all the same; and very slick and fancy."

"Ah! Then what you want is something entirely different from

them; something to make people notice you."

"Sure, but what?"

"That," replied Pedro, "is just what I can tell you. I have a proposition to make."

The man cowered at him for a moment, as though wondering at the imprudence of this whipper-snapper's offering to deal with him. Then Pedro looked at him, and smiled one of those vivid, startling smiles that were peculiar to him, and usually took people unawares, making them smile back at him before they really knew what they were doing. Nor did it fall this time. The flaccid face of the lunch-wagon man expanded into a broad grin.

"That's it!" exclaimed Pedro.

"That's what?" asked the man, growing serious again.

"Oh, don't spoil it!" cried the fat man, "that smile is just what you need to attract customers!"

This time the man laughed.

"Well," said he, "what is your proposition, young one?"

"I have some friends with me," began Pedro; "all those over there and the bears. We are all hungry, see? Now I will paint you a picture on the side of your wagon, and also I will paint for you a new sign; and if, when I have finished, you agree that the sign and the picture will bring you customers in the future, you will feed us all, not forgetting the bears, eh?"

The fat man considered a long time before replying, and Pedro watched him anxiously.

"Well," he said at last, "the old dog-wagon couldn't look no worse'n it do now; an' my stock what I have laid in will get spoiled if it don't get eat. You can have a try, young one, if you like."

"Hurrah!" said Pedro, and hurried over to tell Nita and the others.

A musty hardware store that also sold grain and lumber, furnished a few crude materials. The fat man paid for them, and Pedro carried them over to the cart and set to work.

"Please, one thing," he begged of its proprietor, "don't you look till all is finished."

"All right," agreed the man, "I'll sit here, just inside the door, and read over the paper till you're done."

Pedro answered nothing, but gave a glance at a little mirror that hung just opposite to where the unconscious Mr. Lovejoy sat, whipped off the old green coat and began working frantically.

The proprietor settled himself on the little stool near the door, and, faithful to his promise, unfolded a pink evening paper. Cautiously, and speaking not at all, Old Nita drew near, lending Mr. Jones. They sat down in the dust beside the step and watched Pedro in silence. Then came Beau-Jean and Koko, followed by Gunny, who settled themselves beside the old woman. Before half an hour was gone all the town, for the first time in the lunch-wagon's history, had clustered before its door. As for Pedro, he had forgotten that there was a world which might come to gaze and criticize. He was working.

But if the painter was unconscious of the crowd, the proprietor was not. Twice he wanted to move, but dared not; and as the crowd increased, so did his impatience.

For half an hour longer or more Pedro worked, glancing now and then at the little mirror just inside the door, in which Mr. Lovejoy's unconscious face was reflected. There began to be an occasional tittering from the crowd, and then, later, spontaneous bursts of laughter.

"When kin I come out?" cried Mr. Lovejoy at intervals, and—

"Wait," commanded Pedro. Fearfully he added the finishing touches to his production, and then at length stood back and invited his patron to descend. As the fat man came down the steps there was a little burst of applause which he was at a loss to understand until he stood before his transformed place of business.

All the old lettering, already faded and obliterated, and the center of the largest space was a portrait head of himself—a large, laughing portrait, just like him, yet irresistibly merry. It was a face at which one instantly smiled in sympathy; indeed it wore the very "smile to attract customers," as Pedro had said. Over this extraordinary production Pedro had painted in neat, black letters:

I. Lovejoy
Eating Is Joyful
Come In and Eat—
I Love to See You Do It
Then Underneath:
Lovejoy's Luscious Lunches
After a moment of spellbound silence, the fat man drew a long breath.

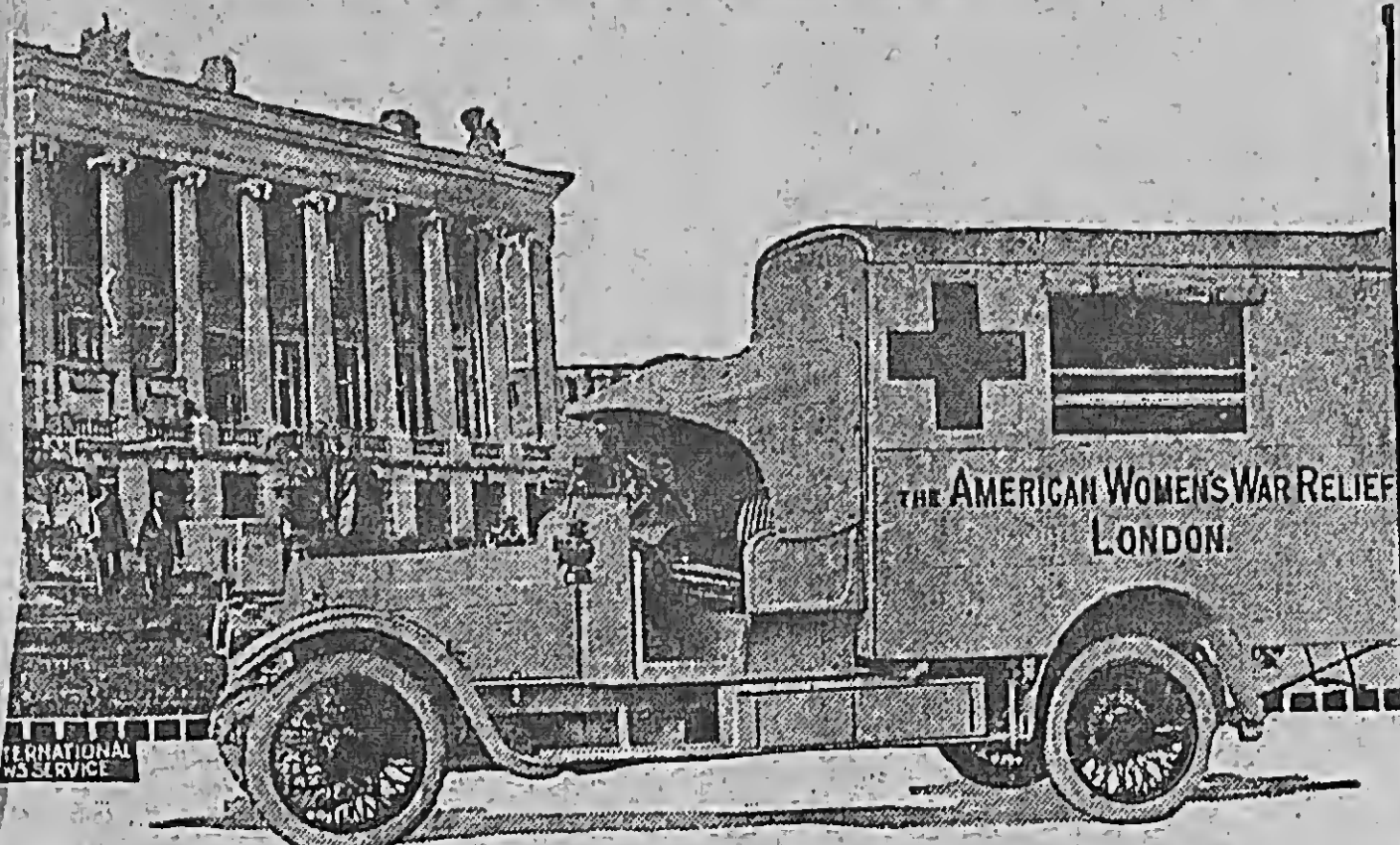
"You win!" he said to Pedro, a smile like that in the picture over spreading his large countenance.

In a second the square was in uproar, the crowd expressing its delight noisily. Mr. Lovejoy fed them all generously. Then, just as the weary Pedro was accepting a cup of coffee and a gigantic plateful of doughnuts from the hand of his patron, the whirr of an automobile caused him to look around. All unperceived, it had been standing near for some time and now bestirred itself at the approach of the train it had come to meet. As it moved away, a girl in rear seat stood up for a last backward look at the little crowd, and the against the clear, blue of the sky, she beheld a fleeting vision of gold hair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marvels of Science.
"Some day we'll be telephoning through the air without wires."
"Maybe. But won't it seem queer to have an operator call back to and say, 'The air is busy now!'"

AMERICAN HELP FOR WOUNDED BRITISH



A motor ambulance like the one in this photograph have been given to the British war office by the American War Relief fund. With their fittings they cost about \$20,000. At the left is Oldway house, the residence of E. Singer in Devonshire, transformed into the American Red Cross hospital.

RMANY USES STAGE TRICK TO SWELL PROCESSION OF PRISONERS

Order to Give Air of Verisimilitude to Tales of Foe's Regiments Annihilated, Trainloads of Captives Are Sent Through Same Town Many Times—Belgian Trooper Becomes Peeved at Twelfth Trip Through Aix-la-Chapelle.

London.—It is a relief to extract a little humor out of this tragic war, and English folks are wondering, and laughing not a little, at the enormous number of prisoners taken by the Germans, according to their reports, are capturing, both east and west. If they had taken as many prisoners as they say they have they would have no enemy to fight. But the plan is simple enough. Take one instance.

A Swiss who was at Aix-la-Chapelle the beginning of this month, and who is now in Basel, writes: "The German government is very anxious in its efforts to keep up the spirits of the population. It reports an annihilation of regiment after regiment daily, and in order to foster a delusion it has to produce formidable convoys of French, British and Belgian prisoners. Aix-la-Chapelle is a spectacular spot chosen. It is the nearest railway station in the German zone."

RELIEF OF BELGIANS

crowds are unaware that these prisoners are being sent to the front. They return in triumph the next day. One morning a Dutchman taking one of them go slowly saw a Belgian soldier excitedly shouting at an open carriage. He was shouting: "This is the first time we have come to this station."

PAID BY FRANCE
Bears Cost of Auxiliary Corps Even to the Provisioning.

The Berliner Tageblatt an account of a wounded man upon his return from the front. He says: "The government bears the cost of the British auxiliary corps man getting four francs for each day on which no

woods and are as reluctant as caribou to leave. Last night we heard heavy footsteps, an odd noise like 'tatapoum, tatapoum.' Was it a batch of German deserters coming to us, or outposts returning with some warning? I peered into the darkness, and within a few feet of my head was a fat pig. He was more frightened than I, and decamped. We followed, and in five minutes Mr. Cochon was tied to the wheel of an ammunition cart. He grunted all night long.

"Next morning men from the neighboring battery heard of our interesting capture and claimed it as theirs. What cheek! We squabbled, and everybody asserted his right to the prisoner. Suddenly shrapnel began to fall in the midst of the debate. Did Prussian shells stop the row over that pig? No, sir! For ten more minutes the two batteries argued, while bullets flew and the pig squealed.

"The chief of a portable kitchen has his little joke. 'How polite the Boches are,' he said. 'They even send us their marmalade (black marmalade) in which to cook our puddings.' Then he said to the captain: 'In the name of heaven!' he exclaimed, 'get back to your tent.' Cut the pig in two. Military Solomon had solved the difficulty, and both battalions had pork for supper that night."

German Shot Spills Milk.
"I sometimes help the officers to console the men's letters home. One man says, 'We shall have shells for breakfast—not egg-shells. I shall be in Berlin in a fortnight, and I'll send you some sausages.' I overheard on the march one 'Pat' say to another, 'I never believe anything I hear, and only half of what I say.'"

Cut Out Football.
London.—Because football playing in England interferes with recruiting and distracts attention from the war, London newspaper proprietors have agreed to print nothing but the results of matches.

fighting takes place, while on 'battalion days' each man gets eight francs (\$1.00) per day. Besides, the entire British force now on French soil is provisioned at the expense of the French government."

MAN IS BURIED ALIVE IN WELL

Pennsylvania Farmer Imprisoned Under Arch of Tons of Earth and Stone.

Whensheat, Pa.—Imprisonment for 18 hours under tons of earth in an old 32-foot well so seriously affected William Chapman of Whensheat that he died a few minutes before he was dug out, after directing the efforts of rescuers for several hours. Physicians worked for an hour with a pulmotor and oxygen, but failed to revive Mr. Chapman. It is believed his heart failed when he felt the hand of the first rescuer to reach him and that death followed instantly.

Mr. Chapman was a farmer and was also employed as engineer in the workings of the Penn Sand & Gravel company of Tullytown. He was a sturdy man of middle age, in excellent health.

Well Caves In.
Because of recent rains, Mr. Chapman was unable to work in the Penn quarries and determined to make some repairs in the well on the farm he had rented. He was descending the slippery wall when two large stones slipped from their places in the wall of the well and precipitated him to the bottom, following which the slides caved in on him. Mrs. Chapman, who was in the house, heard the crash and rushed to the well.

It is believed that when the wall of the well collapsed the stones formed an arch, thus saving Mr. Chapman from instant death. In his narrow prison he obtained air through cracks in the rocks and was able to make each sound that his relatives and friends knew he was alive.

Men Worked Frantically for Hours.
For 18 hours men worked in relays of four hours each removing earth and stones from the well. Several times

they were driven from their task by cave-ins caused by heavy rains. Finally they were within a few feet of Mr. Chapman. He directed their efforts, took nourishment through a tube, spoke words of comfort to his wife and appeared to be both rational and sound.

Soon the workmen reached the last layer of stone. Some worked at the stone while others slipped their hands through crevices and supported Chapman. Even then he appeared to be able to help himself, but when the last rocks were removed and Chapman was taken from the well he was dead, having succumbed just as assurances of safety reached him.

HAIR CUT OFF AS SHE SLEPT
Girl Awakes to Find Her Tresses, the Family's Pride, Gone—Act of Revenge.

Orange, N. J.—When Mary Carnova, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Antonio Carnova of 12 Forest street, Orange, awoke one morning recently she found that her long black hair, which was of exceptional beauty and the pride of the family, had been cut off. She did not know how or when she had been despoiled.

The police arrested Polo Crispy, aged fifty-one, a boarder at the Carnova home, but Carnova would not believe Crispy was guilty, and the charge against him was dismissed. Chief of Police Drabell believes that the hair was cut off for revenge by some enemy of the girl's father.

Wife Killed Babies and Herself.
Thayer, Kan.—Mrs. Lee Moore, who had been deserted by her husband, killed her two small children and then committed suicide. The bodies of all three were found in a well.

QUEEN'S MAIL IS CENSORED
Letters From Her Son, Prince of Wales, Read by Officials of the War Office.

London.—The prince of Wales, during his first week at the front, sent two long letters to his mother relating his experiences and observations. Both letters were opened by the censor and officially passed in the same manner as those of the ordinary soldier.

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DIRECTS OWN RESCUE

Strain of Spending 18 Hours Under 35 Feet of Fallen Wall Prove Too Great for Chapman and His Heart Fails.

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COSTLY METHOD OF REVENGE

Procedure in Europe Reminded Andrew Carnegie of a Somewhat Humorous Incident.

Andrew Carnegie, in a recent interview on peace, said to a New York reporter: "A had twenty killed a man and woman in Sarajevo. All Europe is now fighting to avenge this wrong. England alone is spending \$35,000 a minute, according to Sidney Webb, on gunpowder.

"Well, this is such an expensive way to avenge a wrong that it reminds me of the man at the banquet. "A man entered the cloakroom, at the end of a banquet, and began to smash in silk hat after silk hat. "Hold on, boss! What for you smash in all dom high hats?" demanded the attendant.

"I'm looking for my own," the gentleman answered. "It's an opera hat—collapsible, you know. None of these seem to be it."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU
Morrison Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Ophthalmia. No Stinging, No Burning, No Itching. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Morrison Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

An atomizer for perfumery small enough to be carried in a pocketbook is a novelty from Europe.

What will his Satanic majesty do when the fuel supply is exhausted?

160 Acre Farms in Western Canada FREE

Yes, waiting for every farmer or farmer's son—any industrious American who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is higher but her farm land just as cheap and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land at From \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre—get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service in the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.; H. V. MacIsaac, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in the family are protected. The sick are cured, and all others in the family are protected. The sick are cured, and all others in the family are protected.

Quite Safe.
"What did that man want with you, Henry?"
"He was after my scalp."
"Goodness gracious!"
"Don't be frightened. He's only a hair specialist."

At the First Signs
Of falling hair get Cuticura. It works wonders. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book, address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

War Styles.
"Have you heard anything about the fall fashions as yet?"
"Not as to how the gowns will be made. I suppose the girls are bound to wear cartridge belts, of course."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The View.
"There is a story in that face!"
"You must be seeing it out of the tale of your eye."

Fatima Cigarettes—mild, delightful Turkish Blend. The choicest of leaf—always a pure and wholesome smoke—always satisfactory.

"Distinctly Individual"

Leggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



20 for 15¢

WAITING FOR YOU

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Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service in the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.; H. V. MacIsaac, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in the family are protected. The sick are cured, and all others in the family are protected. The sick are cured, and all others in the family are protected.

Quite Safe.
"What did that man want with you, Henry?"
"He was after my scalp."
"Goodness gracious!"
"Don't be frightened. He's only a hair specialist."

At the First Signs
Of falling hair get Cuticura. It works wonders. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book, address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

War Styles.
"Have you heard anything about the fall fashions as yet?"
"Not as to how the gowns will be made. I suppose the girls are bound to wear cartridge belts, of course."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The View.
"There is a story in that face!"
"You must be seeing it out of the tale of your eye."

Fatima Cigarettes—mild, delightful Turkish Blend. The choicest of leaf—always a pure and wholesome smoke—always satisfactory.

"Distinctly Individual"

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Pupils either absent or tardy during the past month.

High School—Anna Drom, Leland Watson, Charles Horne, Russell Smith, Charles Tiffany, Harold Hughes, Daniel Lewis, Jannette Wallace, Viola Kuhnaupt, Pearl Harrower, Marie Johnson, Ruth Pollock, Jennie Willett, Walter Forbick, Madelyn Strang and Marguerite McCullough.

Eighth Grade—Lucile Mathews, Edna Richards, Ruth Kierand, Irene Savage, Mabel Barthel, Louise Dupre, Marguerite Drom, Wm. Morley, Earl Somerville, Raymond Taylor, Merrill Sabin.

Seventh Grade—Carl Barthel, Grace and Edwin Drom, James Dunn, Virgil Felter, Irene and George Keulman, Vera Kinrade, Elsie Panowski, Virginia Radtke, Genevieve Pierce, Alonza and Jessie Rynard, Marguerite Savage, Lena Spafford, Susan Tiffany, Walter Harrower, Mildred LaPlant, Ralph James, Elizabeth Tenbrogan, Phillip and Luther Heister, Leroy Dibble, Myrtle Haynes, Gerald Pierce, Frank Spangard, Mona Taylor, John Beebe, Priscilla Conrad, Emogene Chion, Willard Chion, Edward Girard, Valleta Hanneman, Phyllis Morley, Elmer Webb, Maurice Radtke.

First and Second Grades—Edith Edgar, Irene and Helen Kettleshit, Sammy Levinson, Myrtle Norman, Clare and Ruth Armstrong, Eunice Hill, Linn Danziel, Olive Dibble, Aretas Keulman, Arthur Wertz, Charles Alvers, Joseph Kret, John Olson, Martha Hillebrand, Gladys Barthel, Georgia Bacon, Egan and Viola Christensen, John O'Brien, Wm. Volkman, Robert Morley, Myrtle Peterson, Lillian Hanke, Susan Feltham, George Smith.

Those whose average was 90 or above.
High School—Jennie Willett, Daniel Lewis, Ruth Pollock, Madelyn Strang, Geo. Lewis, Walter Forbick, Marguerite McCullough, Laurel Powles, Elmer Harrower, Leland Watson, Jannette Wallace, Elsie Herman, Ernest Cox, Charles Horan.

Eighth Grade—Marguerite Drom, Gladys Panowski, Edna Richards, Irene Savage, Lucile Mathews, Ruth Kinrade, Merrill Sabin, Raymond Taylor, Mabel Barthel.

Draw Your Own Conclusions.

"Why," asked the weary-looking woman, "do you constantly refer to yourself as the poet of this household?" "Because," replied the irritable man, in a loud tone of voice, "a poet is supposed to be able to eat anything and act as if he enjoyed it."—Washington Star.

Think Satan a Good Workman.

Between England and Scotland stand the ruins of the old Roman wall, known as the Devil's Wall, owing to the belief of the peasantry that, on account of the firmness of the stones, Satan had a hand in its construction.

Interested at Once.

"My dear, you ought to pass up frivolous things and take an interest in deep subjects. Take history, for instance. Gessler, the tyrant, put up a hat for the Swiss to salute." The lady was a trifle interested. "How was it trimmed?" she inquired.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

News to Advance Price

On account of the advance in price of paper, ink, etc., and in fact, everything that goes to make up a newspaper, we will, on and after January first, 1915, be obliged to raise the price of The News to \$1.50 per year, an advance of fifty cents per year over the old rate. At the same time that we advance the price, we will also double our efforts in getting out a first class, new paper, and will, we feel sure succeed in giving the money's worth of reading matter, as well as satisfaction to each and every one of our subscribers.

Before the new rate becomes effective we make the following offer: To any new subscriber who enters their name on our list prior to January first next, we will for one year accept the present rate, \$1.00. Or any of our old subscribers who pay up all arrearages and one year in advance, before the first of January, 1915, will also come under the old rate. Any one paying after the first of the year will be charged the new rate of \$1.50.

AT THE BAZAAR

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE.

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"It's the first really American thing I've seen the girls take an interest in," remarked young George Cameron. He was selecting a tie to match the border on his handkerchief and the stripe in his shirt.

"It is patriotic, isn't it?" acquiesced Willis Moore, as he twirled his stick like a drum major. "I fancy the bazaar will be a jolly bore though."

His friend turned on him. "Not at all. The prettiest things in town are to be models and they'll be diked in cotton from top to toe. Being well-known—get that?—cotton brokers, you and I will be expected to attend and give our support."

"I think you'll give a good deal of tone with all those matched-up rags of yours," Moore twitted his friend.

"No for the cotton bazaar, rags or no rags. Come on!"

The two men left the bachelor apartment and found their way to the armory where the great cotton bazaar was being held by the women of the town. Cotton was to be on exhibition and for sale in every conceivable form to educate the public in its uses and in this way help the country to dispose of its output in view of the European war.

George Cameron and Willis Moore stood astonished at the doors as they approached. There were crowds everywhere, and not even the regiment on dress parade had brought so many outsiders to the armory building.

"Some bazaar," laughed Moore.

The two men strolled about from one exhibit to another. Cameron was interested in the bazaar purely from a business standpoint and he took pleasure in learning of new uses for cotton. Willis Moore, he admitted it, was as much interested in the pretty girls displaying their wares and acting as models for various cotton garments as he was in the exhibition from its practical point of view.

"Cotton gloves! Gentlemen's cotton evening gloves!" said a pleasant voice from within a booth.

Cameron would have gone on, but his friend turned to the girl and he could not do otherwise than follow.

"They don't look so bad, eh, George?" Willis said, taking a pair from the girl's hand.

Cameron looked at them and then into the face of the girl who was offering them for sale. He stopped short and dropped the gloves on the floor.

Seeing that he was a fifth wheel on the wagon, Moore stepped on, and his friend went nearer to the glove booth. There was no other girl at the stand but the one who had offered the pair that still lay on the floor. Cameron, as if suddenly recalling the gloves, stepped back and picked them up. "I'll buy this pair, Helen, since I've soiled them by my stupidity."

"Oh," laughed the girl, "you needn't—unless you like. But—I think they're your size."

"It's strange to find you helping with anything so—so useful and patriotic and—thirty, I might say," George said, a little bitterly.

"Not nowadays," Helen said promptly, not noticing the bitter note in his voice.

"You've changed?" Helen gave a series of decisive nods. "Very much," she said, slowly. "I regret those frivolous years. I realize now that there is so much to do in the world besides thinking of one's own pleasure. I'm as busy as possible now—since father lost so much of his business on account of the war—helping wherever I can."

"Helen—" interrupted George. But she stopped him.

"Oh—I don't need to earn bread and butter, George, but I need to help others who have to earn it. I—"

"Don't say any more. Let me come to see you again, Helen, and—"

"Buying up the whole stock, George?" interrupted Willis Moore, irrelevantly, stepping up to them.

"Will you?" whispered George.

Helen nodded, laughing. George introduced Willis Moore to her and the three talked of nothing for a few moments.

The cotton show now held just one interest for George Cameron, and on the following night he went to it again to take the fair glove salesman home and to tell her all that he had wanted to tell her for three years. She listened and said yes all over again.

When George told his friend Willis Moore about his engagement the young man said, characteristically:

"So it was you who had to 'cotton' on to something at the show—not yours truly, after all? Shako."

Auto Beats the Wink.

"What did you think of the motor car race, Pat?"

"I didn't see it."

"You didn't see it? Why, I saw you at the track."

"Yes, I was at the track; but I had to work just at the wrong time, and while I got thru the race was over."

Seeking Knowledge.

"I wish there was some way of knowing all about the pronunciation of the queer names we encounter in the news."

"Here is a list showing how every one of them is pronounced."

"Yes. But what I want to know is how you pronounce the way that they are pronounced."

PARTED BY FATE

By GENE SHEAR.

"He's the very nicest man I know!" mourned the girl with the yellow hair. "And I keep on treating him as though he belonged in the back yard of civilization! It's awful!"

"Are you talking backward?" inquired the girl in the green suit.

"If it keeps on," proceeded the girl with the yellow hair, "I think I shall lose my mind! Some flax is mixing up my fate—some enemy has hoodwinked me! I tell you, the instant I met Alfred I had a sort of shock. Something told me that here was the man I had been waiting for all my life."

"I should think so," breathed her friend. "He gets a salary of \$10,000, didn't you say?"

"It was Alfred's personality," indignantly asserted the yellow-haired girl. "I hope you realize I am not mercenary enough to be influenced by anything his cousin may have told me! I could see by his expression that he was a wonderful man. And his silk socks and his tie matched perfectly. I think you can tell so much by those little individualities! Don't you?"

"But listen! Just when I had it all fixed to ride in the same auto with him his cousin called him away to ride in hers to the beach picnic. And then, when I was about to sit beside him at the campfire, one of the men called him away to carry wood, and before he got back Arty Manners had flopped down in his place—and all I could do was give him a sad smile across the blaze. Even that was spoiled, because just as he caught my eye somebody dropped a plate of sandwiches on his head in passing, and nothing annoys a man like being mussed up that way."

"He did call to see me before he went back to New York—and arrived when our living room was full of some ancient relatives, whom we



"I Think I Shall Lose My Mind."

have to be nice to because they own a mine that may pay out well some day—and my total conversation with him consisted of 'Why, how do you do?' and 'Good night!' The rest of the time Uncle Benjamin was explaining to him how to get 50 bushels of potatoes from an acre instead of 40. Alfred is in the wholesale dry goods business, and, of course, was intensely interested in the potatoes.

"He sent me a ten-pound box of candy on my birthday, and I wrote him a perfectly beautiful letter, which he never answered. That was because he never got it. That monogrammed expression of thanks is probably stuck in a mail chute somewhere or is being kept as a perfect example to be used in somebody's next compendium on 'How to Write Elegant Letters.'"

"I know he never got it because the next time he was in Chicago on a business trip he phoned me, and I cleared the matter up. He forgave me at once and asked me to come down for dinner and the theater—and I had already promised Arty Manners, who is absolutely ridiculous as a possible life partner, but very insistent on one's keeping engagements. And it was Alfred's only evening in town! And he couldn't come out for afternoon tea because he had business until five o'clock!"

"A month later Alfred was again in Chicago. He had taken the precaution to write that he was coming and to reserve the afternoon and evening of my life. The morning of that day I fell off the step ladder and sprained my ankle so badly that I was in bed for a week. I couldn't even go to the phone to talk to him! He struck Chicago on his return trip and phoned, asking me to dinner, and I accepted. That afternoon we got a telegram saying that grandmother had died, and we left on the five o'clock train. Why, it's enough to make any man think I was sitting up nights planning how to avoid him!"

The yellow-haired girl beat her hands upon her brow. "Oh!" she moaned. "It's unspeakable! I'm chairman of the banquet given by our college club Thursday night, and unless I die I've got to go! Oh, Alfred, Alfred!"

"Hut! hut!" said her unsympathetic friend. "Excuse me for laughing at anything so sad—but I guess this is when Alfred tears your memory from his heart!"—Chicago Daily News.

A Nautical Christmas Tale



A ship came in from the Land of Ned,
Its deck was white as snow.
It bore no tow-line masts above,
No anchor chains below.
Its small, spring-bottomed mattress-hull
Was laden high with wealth,
Which strangely had been placed aboard
En voyage—hist!—by stealth.

The skipper of this freighted craft
Was quite a careless sort.
The cargo he did not espy.
Till he had into port.
And then upon the portside bow,
In rapture he did kneel.
For Santa Claus is no mere dream,
And Christmas toys are REAL!

—GENE MORRAN.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

By J. A. WALDRON.

I DREAMED a dream on Christmas eve that no one, surely, will believe. All will discredit it because in it I was with Santa Claus and witnessed many things so queer I hesitate to tell them here.

Old Santa had just filled his pack and made it ready for his back. It holds a million things or more from Santa's rare and endless store, and like some basket magical, though taken from 'tis always full.

Though I saw Santa plainly, he seemed not at all to notice me. He sat in silence with a map spread out upon his ample lap to mark his course over land and sea while waiting for his evening tea.

His cook—he has no wife, you know—came in and said she meant to go. She said her job did not quite suit and he must find a substitute. Cooks everywhere just grump and gad, and with most folks they get in bad.

Well, Santa's smile quite left his face and he ripped up a dress of lace perhaps intended for this cook, who gave him then a wrathful look, and



when she put the teapot down I saw her slip from out her gown and drop into the teapot quick some sort of dops with movement slick.

"Wouldn't take much more than this, I think, to drive old Santa Claus to drink; that is to say, to rum, perhaps, though sometimes he may like his schnapps. Full many a cup of tea he quaffed. The more he drank the more he laughed. Uneanny was his jollity, and I at first thought I should flee.

He seized his pack, and full of joy piled me upon it like a toy, and rushing forth into the night began his world-embracing flight. He used a sleigh, as we all know, but needed neither ice or snow. We sailed away o'er mount and plain, through many weathers, snow and rain—through wind and sleet and zero air—though all the time it seemed quite fair.

A dozen reindeer ran ahead. Their bells were sooudest as they fled, and all the ghosly journey seemed quite fitting in the dream I dreamed. A

continent would loom and melt into an ocean ere I felt a moment pass, and yet between a million Christmas homes were seen and gifts uncounted were bestowed from Santa's rich and boundless load.

Though I upon the top reposed I was in no way discomfited, for magic wonders multiplied that night upon my snowy ride. The greater wonders, though, to my mind have been traced to Santa's tea, sophisticated by his cook, and of which he so much partook; for at the homes of wealth, where boys and girls had much, he left few toys, while poorer children's wishes found complete fulfillment on his round; and to strange humors he gave vent as here and there we quickly went.

Some men by others well esteemed got prison wear the while they dreamed; and others, poor and furnished ill, of good things must have found their fill; and many men of lean estate awoke to find their riches great, each one admonished that his door should always open to the poor.

Fantastic tricks, too, Santa played on men and women, boy and maid. In one old solaster's stocking this I saw him slip a mankin; in another, his dinky place, a woman's form of wondrous grace. 'Twas wax, of course, but 'twas a hint that ought to stir a heart of flint. A man with millions strangely made Old Santa left a hoe and spade; to one I knew ill-hap had struck he left a parcel labeled "Luck;" to pals of mine that Fortune bars he gave next season's motor ears. This got my goat, and I to see just what he purposed giving me quite foolishly the silence broke, and empty-handed I awoke!—Judge.

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

If you will go to the crossroads between eleven and twelve on Christmas night you will hear what most concerns you in the coming year.

If on Christmas eve you make a little heap of salt on the table, and it melts over night, you will die the next year; if, in the morning, it remains undissolved, you will live.

If a shirt be spun, woven and sewed by a pure, chaste maiden on Christmas day it will be proof against lead or steel.

If you are born at seven o'clock on Christmas morning you can see spirits.

If you burn elder on Christmas eve you will have revealed to you all the witches and the sorcerers of the neighborhood.

If you eat a raw egg on Christmas morning, fasting, you can carry heavy weights.

It is unfortunate to carry anything forth from the house on Christmas morning until something has been brought into it.

If the fire burns brightly on Christmas morning it betokens prosperity; if it smolders, adversity.

A Husky Fowl.

Willie came in from the shed where Uncle Rufus was picking a Christmas chicken for his small city nephew's dinner.

"Aunt Sue!" he cried as he entered, "what do you think? Uncle Rufus is out in the shed husking a hen!"

Bessie's Plea.

"Say, mamma, please don't make any fire in my bedroom grate," begged little Bessie.

"Why, you'll freeze."

"I don't mind being cold, just so long as Santa will be able to get down the chimney all right."

A Christmas Carol

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I HEAR along our street
Pony the minstrel throng;
Hark! They play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs,
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expires!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes,
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expires!

SHEPHERDS at the grey,
Where the flocks were born,
Sing with many a cheer
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expires!

THESE good people sing
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters ring,
There they stand with freewill,
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expires!

NUNS in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something to
Christmas songs at times how
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expires!

WHO by the fireside stand,
Stamps his feet and sings,
But he who blows his horn
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expires!

HANGING MISTLETOE

Origin of Custom Associated With Christmas Festivities

Plant Is Surrounded With Many Superstitions In European Countries—Sign of Ill Omen in Some Parts of Ireland.

THE good old custom of hanging mistletoe from the ceiling at the Christmas festivities is said to have its origin in the idea that since plant did not have its roots in ground no part of it should be permitted to touch the earth.

Among the Saxons the fact that mistletoe was suspended from the roof of a dwelling was attributed to the fact that the hospitality of the house was under its disposal, and beneath its branches friend and stranger, valet and lord, gathered in comradeship good cheer.

The religious aspect of the mistletoe tradition, which had its origin in the Druidical rites and the gathering of it by the archdruid with his golden sickle, merged later into a purely social symbol, and the idea of simple hospitality developed into one of merry-making and a somewhat riotous entertainment.

The kiss of the Scandinavian goddess expanded into the custom of kissing given for every berry that grew on the bough. Small wonder that, in spite of the mistletoe having originally existed in the odor of the sanctuary, the church came to regard it as an entirely pagan symbol and refused to allow it to participate with the holly and the overgreen in the Yuletide decorations.

There is an ancient belief that the mistletoe was the tree from which the holy cross was hewn, and that after this was made the plant withered and over- afterward became a mere parasitic growth, clinging for support to other and sturdier trees.

Other stories, however, credit it with divine gifts in the healing of diseases and the expulsion of evil spirits.

Then, the high priest of the Celts, received in a dream the intimation that by means of the plant he would be enabled to save his people from the plague which was decimating them. To celebrate their delivery he instituted the feast of Noel (now health), a midwinter holiday, which has come to be considered coincident with the new year.

In many parts of the United Kingdom the silver birches and the gray-green leaves of the mistletoe are looked upon as anything but an emblem of good cheer; on the contrary, the plant is regarded with dread as being the bringer of ill luck and the sign of ill omen. This superstition exists both in Devonshire and in Ireland, and, strange to say, in neither of these places does the plant flourish, owing, reports has it, to the fact that both laured the displeasure of the Druids and were in consequence cursed in such a way that their soil became incapable of nourishing the sacred growth.

In the sixth book of Aeneid, a lengthy description of the mistletoe is given by Virgil, who makes the Sybil describe to his hero the exact spot in hades where he will find it growing. There is little doubt that the strange ethereal appearance of the little opaque berry is largely responsible for the mystic character it has enjoyed among the people of diverse nations from the earliest historical times.

ZEPPELIN KILLS 90

GERMANS MAKE RAID ON WARSAW—MANY PERSONS SLAIN BY SHELLS.

BATTLE FOR CAPITAL IS ON

Kaiser's Forces Within Fifteen Miles of City—Russians Annihilate Two Detachments Who Pursued Them Over a Burning Bridge.

London, Dec. 22.—A Central News dispatch from Rome on Sunday states that, according to a report from Warsaw, that city was bombarded by a Zeppelin. Eighteen bombs were dropped, demolishing two houses and killing 90 persons, including a number of women and children. Later six bombs also were dropped from a German aeroplane, but small damage was done in this supplementary bombardment.

A heavy mist was hanging over the city when the Zeppelin approached. Owing to the hazy atmosphere the presence of the giant airship was not detected until it was about a mile from the city.

A minute after the Zeppelin was sighted no less than forty high-angle guns mounted on housetops and at street corners were raining a fusillade of shells about the flyer, but the raider seemed to bear a charmed life. It swooped across the city, letting go highly explosive projectiles as it passed on an unswerving course.

After completing a circuit above the city the airship turned leisurely in the direction of the German lines and, apparently unhindered by the terrific fire of the Russian guns, disappeared in the mist.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg's army, which is advancing on Warsaw over a wide front between the Vistula and the Pilica rivers and which on Friday occupied Lodz, reached the new Russian positions along the Bzura river and southward to Rawa and another big battle is in progress.

The Russians retreated across the Bzura river, destroying the bridges behind them. Two German detachments, which followed over a partly burned bridge, were attacked and are said to have been annihilated, fifty survivors being taken prisoners. This is only the beginning of the great battle for Warsaw, from which the Germans are now only 30 miles or less. Stern resistance is expected from the Russians who have been heavily reinforced. The Russians are continuing their operations against East Prussia. An Austrian sortie in force from Przemyśl failed and many prisoners and guns were taken.

FORMER RAIL HEAD IS DEAD

Eugene Zimmerman, Former Head of C. & H. D. Ry., Expires Suddenly at Club in Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Dec. 22.—Eugene Zimmerman, former president of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad and millionaire of this city, died suddenly at his club here on Sunday from hemorrhage of the lungs.

The death of Mr. Zimmerman was unexpected, although his health had not been of the best for the last few weeks. When he was seized by the fatal attack he was engaged in studying records of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad, preparatory, it is believed, to testifying before Commissioner Hull of the interstate commerce commission, who is conducting an investigation of the sale of that road and the Pere Marquette to J. P. Morgan & Co.

His only child, Helena, married the duke of Manchester in 1900, after which Mr. Zimmerman spent much of his time in Europe and New York.

Eugene Zimmerman was born in Vicksburg, Miss., December 17, 1845. He was educated at Farmers' college, College Hill, O., and at Gambier, O., but left school at the outbreak of the Civil war and entered the United States navy. His record was a notable one. The most memorable episode in his career, however, was his connection with the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. As a director he was active in the reorganization of the system, was elected vice-president in 1892 and became president in 1904.

BRITISH DREADNAUGHT SUNK?

Chicagoan, Back From Europe, Says British Warship Thunderer Was Destroyed by a Mine.

New York, Dec. 22.—A report that the British dreadnaught Thunderer was sunk in the North sea on November 7 by a mine or a torpedo was brought here on Sunday by George Rottwell of Chicago, a passenger on the steamship St. Louis from Liverpool.

German Steamer Is Sunk.

London, Dec. 21.—An admiralty statement says the cruiser Askold, a port that while reconnoitering the coast of Syria she captured the German steamer Halfa. Near Beirut the Askold sank a Turkish steamer.

British Ship Is Exonerated.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Colonel Goethals says the British collier which was thought to have violated the neutrality of Panama Canal Zone waters by sending a wireless message, actually had no wireless equipment.

DEAL COST \$12,000,000

J. P. MORGAN & CO. LOST IN ROAD TRANSACTION.

New York Broker Testifies Before Interstate Commerce Commission Regarding C. & H. D. Purchase.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Financial affairs of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad, now in the hands of a receiver for the second time since 1905, were related at length before Commissioner Hull of the interstate commerce commission by Frederick Stevens, formerly an official of that line and the Pere Marquette, whose affairs are interwoven with those of the former system.

Mr. Stevens appeared as an associate of J. P. Morgan & Co. The burden of his testimony was a statement that when the late J. P. Morgan bought the controlling interest of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton for the Erie in 1905, he had no knowledge of the financial results of the preceding year to the road. During that year, Mr. Stevens said, under the administration of Eugene Zimmerman of Cincinnati, a syndicate controlled the road and contracted debts of nearly \$25,000,000.

The net result to Mr. Morgan in the entire transaction, the witness declared, was an expenditure of more than \$12,000,000, for which the firm now had to show 110,000 shares of the Pere Marquette, "of doubtful, if any, value and a loss of \$62,421 on a portion of Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton bond issue purchased in 1905.

IMPORTANT NEWS ITEMS

Paris, Dec. 21.—Lieutenant Grugero and Major Destouche, military aviators, met death during a flight from Issy, a suburb of Paris. As they were flying over the neighboring town of Vaugrard, their biplane was caught by a gust of wind.

It became unmanageable and dashed downward, crashing into a cattle shed. The aeroplane caught fire and the two aviators were incinerated.

Washington, Dec. 21.—No official confirmation was obtained here of the report from Manila that two companies of Philippine scouts on Corregidor island have been disarmed while American soldiers have been supplied with full ammunition because of a report of a plot to free prisoners and start an uprising.

Washington, Dec. 21.—After eliminating the \$2,000,000 item for an agricultural census in 1915, the house on Friday passed the legislative appropriation bill carrying approximately \$36,500,000.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 21.—American-made heavy artillery will be tried out by the Russian army in Poland next month. The Russian steamship Novgorod, now on the ocean bound to Vladivostok, is carrying 165 carloads of war supplies, mostly slogs guns and projectiles. The guns, made in Pennsylvania, weighed 105 tons each. Other trainloads of American big guns and shells which will arrive at Vancouver December 31 will be loaded on the Russian liner Tambov. The Russians now are using French slogs guns.

KING GEORGE'S CLOSE CALL

Germans Fired Two Torpedoes at His Ship on Journey Across the Channel.

London, Dec. 21.—Although the facts have not become public, it is known in certain official circles that King George narrowly escaped disaster from a German torpedo on his journey across the English channel to the front recently.

The trip was made at night so as to minimize the risk of attacks from German submarines, but in spite of all precautions an attack was made.

Two torpedoes were fired by the German craft, believed here to have been the famous U-9, which sunk the British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue.

Owing to the heavy seas, however, and the harassing tactics of the destroyers, the aim of the Germans was bad, and the submarine disappeared without accomplishing its mission.

GERMAN SHIP IS CAPTURED

Dutch Monitor Halted, Teuton Vessel Accused of Attempting to Violate Nation's Neutrality.

Amsterdam, Dec. 21.—Official announcement was made here that a Dutch monitor captured a 6,000-ton German steamer that was trying to violate the neutrality of Holland's waters by sailing from Antwerp. The vessel put out with all her lights extinguished. She was halted by shots fired across her bow by the monitor and brought back to Holland.

Accident Costs Bank \$100,000.

New York, Dec. 21.—The Emigrant Industrial Savings bank was ordered by a jury in the supreme court to pay \$100,000 damages for the death of Justice Henry Blachoff, who was killed by falling into an elevator shaft.

Czar Returns to Capital.

Petrograd, Dec. 21.—Emperor Nicholas returned from Transcaucasia and immediately called a meeting of the imperial council at Tsar's-Selo palace. The session was attended by Minister of War Soukhomlinoff.

ROADS WIN INCREASE

FIVE PER CENT ADVANCE GRANTED EXCEPT ON SOME COMMODITIES.

AMOUNTS TO \$30,000,000

Consequences of the War Held by Commerce Commission to Give Ground for Raising Income of Lines Between Atlantic and Mississippi.

Washington, Dec. 21.—Increases in freight rates approximating five per cent on 123 railroads, comprising all the lines between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi, north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, were granted by the interstate commerce commission in a divided opinion, excepting on certain heavy commodities, which comprise a large bulk of the traffic.

The increases will further apply to the railroads west of Buffalo and Pittsburgh, which were granted partial advances in the decision of last August, which denied them altogether to the roads east of those points.

It is estimated the advanced rates will increase the annual income of the roads about \$30,000,000.

The commission made its decision upon the showing of the railroads that in addition to conditions from which they previously asked relief they now are confronted with an emergency because of the war in Europe.

After further consideration the commission permits advances to be made also on cement, starch, brick, tile, clay and plaster. On these commodities no advances were permitted by the decision of August 1.

The commission was divided on the question of granting the railroads' appeal. Commissioners Clements and Harlan dissented from the opinion of the majority. The decision, in part, was as follows:

"In view of the tendency toward a diminishing net operating income, as shown by the facts described, we are of the opinion that the net operating income of the railroads in official classification territory, taken as a whole, is smaller than is demanded in the interests of the general public and the railroads, and it is our duty and our purpose to aid so far as we legally may in the solution of the problem as to the course that the carriers may pursue to meet the situation."

The commission did not acquiesce in the carriers' proposal of a general increase, as indicated in the tariff filed by them, but suggested various methods by which they might properly conserve their revenues.

"For various reasons we shall except from the proposed increase the following rates:

"1. Rail-lake-and-rail, lake-and-rail and rail-and-lake rates. It is shown on the record that since the rail carriers acquired ownership and control of the lake lines successive increases have been made in the rates via lake tending to lessen the differences between them and the all-rail rates.

"2. Rates on bituminous coal and coke. Not long since these rates were investigated and maximum rates were prescribed by the commission. The key rates upon bituminous coal—the rate from the Pittsburgh district to Youngstown, and the rate on lake cargo coal to Ashtabula, have been fixed in the light of the various factors which entered into the transportation of such coal. The prevailing rates are remunerative, and the financial condition of the principal bituminous coal carriers is in marked contrast with that of many other carriers in official classification territory.

"3. Rates on anthracite coal and iron ore, largely because they are before us in review in other proceedings.

4. Rates held by unexpired orders of the commission."

NAME NEW SULTAN IN EGYPT

Great Britain Appoints Prince Hussein Kemal to the Post With New Title.

London, Dec. 21.—It is officially announced that Prince Hussein Kemal has been appointed to succeed the khedive of Egypt, Abbas Hilmi. Prince Hussein Kemal will take the title of sultan. The new sultan is an uncle of Abbas Hilmi and is a son of Ismail Pasha, who was khedive from 1865 to 1879.

Factories Are to Resume.

Pearla, Ill., Dec. 22.—Present indications are that the local factories which have been closed for several weeks will open in full swing on January 4. The Avery company, employing upwards of twelve hundred men and which has been running with only a part of the full quota, will reopen their foundry and other departments. The Acme Harvester company is preparing to reopen after the first of the year. They employ approximately 1,600 men. With few exceptions local men will fill the positions thus thrown open.

Airmen in Daring Raids.

London, Dec. 22.—Daring raids by French aviators into Alsace and Lorraine are demonstrating that the confidence as to the efficiency of the allied aerial forces has not been misplaced.

A dispatch received from Berlin says that aeroplanes flying over Saarburg, a Lorraine town, bombarded the place with bombs, killing two German soldiers and causing heavy damage. The same aviators, says the Berlin dispatch, dropped bombs upon the Rieding railroad station.

7,500 FRENCH TAKEN

BERLIN SAYS GERMANS WON IN THE ARGONNE.

Allies Say Teutons Are Being Forced Back All Along Flanders Front.

London, Dec. 21.—A Times correspondent in northern France says: "The allies have advanced. Their troops are reported to have passed Middelkerke and to have broken through the German line just below Dixmude."

Berlin (by wireless), Dec. 21.—The following official statement was received by wireless from Berlin:

"The fighting at Neuport continues favorable, but no decision yet has been reached. The French attacks between La Bassée and Arras and on both sides of the River Somme have resulted in failure, with severe losses to the enemy. On the Somme the French lost 1,200 men in prisoners and at least 1,800 in dead; our own losses were under 200.

"In the Argonne forest our successful attack resulted in the capture of some 7,500 prisoners in addition to war material. There have been no important developments elsewhere on the western front."

London, Dec. 21.—The allies' advance in Belgium is fast gaining momentum. The Germans are being forced back all along the Flanders front with great losses in killed, wounded, prisoners and war material, according to reports reaching here.

NARROW ESCAPE FOR NURSE

In Desperate Struggle With Insane Patient Three Stories Above Ground in Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 31.—Swaying in the air three stories above the ground in her struggle to prevent a demented patient from throwing himself to the ground below, Miss Hazel Smith, a nurse at St. John's hospital, managed to save her life only by grasping the rail of a fire escape and clinging there as Gustave Rhodes plunged over. Rhodes died of his injuries five hours later. The nurse was seized by the man during her efforts to prevent his getting on the fire escape, but was not strong enough to control the raving patient. Rhodes was admitted to the hospital last Wednesday for treatment for alcoholism.

WRECK CLAIMS TWO LIVES

Fifteen Persons Are Seriously Injured in Railroad Accident Near Cartersville, Ga.

Cartersville, Ga., Dec. 21.—Two were killed, 15 seriously and about forty more or less injured when train No. 93, on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railway, south bound, was wrecked near here. The dead: Engineer Gus Manning, Atlanta. Fireman F. W. Bell, Atlanta. The baggage man and express messenger were badly injured.

The engine and five cars rolled over and down a 75-foot embankment, leaving two Pullmans on the track.

Fifteen of the injured were brought to a hospital at Cartersville.

3 BRITISH SHIPS BLOWN UP

Mine Sweeper and Two Other Vessels Destroyed Near Scene of German Raid.

London, Dec. 21.—Lloyd's agent at Scarborough sends word that a mine sweeper which, with several others, was engaged in sweeping for mines five miles southeast of Scarborough, was blown up. One man was rescued, but the rest of the crew are missing. It is reported that two other vessels have been blown up in the region visited by the German squadron, which raided the eastern coast.

WOMAN NAMED AS JUDGE

Governor Major Sets Precedent in Court in Clay County, Mo.—Appointee Succeeds Father.

Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. 21.—A woman was appointed probate judge by Gov. Elliott W. Major, an act without precedent in the memory of state officials. She is Miss Frances Hopkins and will preside over the Clay county probate court, succeeding her father, Judge Lewis C. Hopkins, who died.

Upholds Raid on Britain.

New York, Dec. 19.—That Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby, the three English towns bombarded by German warships are defended places and that the Germans therefore were justified in shelling them, is the substance of a statement given out here by Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché of the German embassy.

Storms Cause Damage.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 19.—Heavy damage along the coast is reported as the result of winds and rainstorms which have been raging for the last 24 hours. Damage from high tides total \$50,000 at Long Beach alone.

Four Firemen Injured.

Sandusky, O., Dec. 19.—Four firemen were injured by falling timbers in a \$100,000 fire in the business district here. The injured: Captain McLaughlin, Captain Curtis, Fireman Charles Georgan, Englewood Diskam.

THAW TO FACE TRIAL

U. S. SUPREME COURT ORDERS HIM EXTRADITED TO ANSWER NEW YORK INDICTMENT.

LONG FIGHT ENDS IN FAILURE

New York Authorities May Either Put Slayer on Trial for Conspiracy or They May Peremptorily Place Him in Asylum.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The Supreme court of the United States ruled on Thursday that Harry Kendall Thaw must be delivered up to the state of New York to be tried on the charge of conspiracy to break out of Matteawan insane asylum, or be recommitted to the asylum, or both. Thaw's fight for liberty is therefore ended for the time being.

Thaw is now in Manchester, N. H. Some of the best legal talent in the country has been fighting for months to prevent his extradition to New York. Extradition was ordered by the governor of New Hampshire, but Federal District Judge Aldrich granted Thaw a writ of habeas corpus. This action of the court was reversed by the Supreme court.

The next move in the case is for the New York authorities to take. It has been said that the state does not intend to prosecute Thaw, but will return him at once to Matteawan. If this is done Thaw will have grounds for appeal to the federal court for a writ of habeas corpus. This was indicated by Chief Justice White during the arguments on the constitutionality of the Thaw commitment a week ago. On the other hand if he is prosecuted for conspiracy the belief exists here that he will likely get a short sentence and then go free.

The decision of the court was unanimous and was read by Justice Holmes. It held that the writ of habeas corpus did not lie and sustained the contention of William Travers Jerome at every point. Thaw cannot be taken back for 30 days under the decision. Thirty days must elapse before the court's mandate is handed down and he cannot be removed to New York before that time.

A tentative plan of campaign has already been laid out. Former District Attorney Jerome, who has conducted the long fight against Thaw, said:

"I expected nothing less. And I expect nothing less now than the ultimate return of Thaw to Matteawan."

"Will Thaw be tried on the conspiracy indictment?" he was asked.

"That is a matter for the attorney general to decide," he said. "But I assume he will deem it wise that Thaw be tried inasmuch as he has been extradited for the offense of conspiracy."

"Can he then be admitted to bail?" was asked.

"Of course," was the reply. "But if he is the superintendent of Matteawan will then present a detainer under which Thaw will be taken to Matteawan as an insane man to await his trial."

GERMANS ATTACK 4 TIMES

Allies Beat Back Every Rush—Anglo-French Forces Occupy Sixachote, Says the Paris Report.

London, Dec. 23.—Germany's troops made four successful assaults on the allies' line in front of Lillons on Monday in a determined effort to recapture trenches that had been wrested from them.

All these deadly attacks were repulsed, says the report of the French war office, which discloses also that the British recaptured most of the trenches previously taken from them and that the French gained a foothold in the German trenches south of Novon and made progress elsewhere.

Meantime the Netherlands newspaper Tjld says the Germans have evacuated Middelkerke, Belgium.

The official French report told of the occupation of Sixachote by the allies and of other gains along the line through Belgium and France.

CZAR LOSES RAIL CENTER

Skiernewice Captured by Germans—Kaiser's Left Wing in Poland Reported in Retreat.

Berlin, Dec. 23.—Skiernewice, an important railroad center, 40 miles from Warsaw, has been captured by the Germans, says a dispatch received from Breslau on Monday.

The left wing of General von Hindenburg's army in Poland has been defeated. The German forces 75 miles northwest of Warsaw are retreating over the borders into Germany, according to an official announcement made by the headquarters of the general staff at Petrograd on Monday.

German Losses Are Heavy.

The Hague, Dec. 23.—Latest casualty lists issued in Berlin increase the German losses in killed, wounded and missing to 800,000 men in both eastern and western theaters of war. These lists cover only part of November.

D. A. R. Woman Dead at 108.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 23.—Mrs. Louisa Waterman Carpenter, aged one hundred and eight years and four months, died here of old age. She was the oldest member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS

Hoyworth.—George Graves, breeder of Jersey cattle and extensive land owner, killed himself by drinking poison.

Belleville.—The seventy-fifth anniversary of the First Presbyterian church was observed with appropriate services.

Vandalia.—The village of Ramsey has filed suit in the circuit court for \$20,000 against T. H. & L. Hayes, druggists, alleging the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors.

Edwardsville.—The explosion of a steam traction engine which killed one man near Troy in August, 1913, has been made the basis for a damage suit before Judge W. E. Hadley.

Litchfield.—Dr. J. R. Seymour, prominent physician and leading Republican in this section of the state, died at his home in Raymond following a stroke of paralysis. He was sixty-five years old.

Lincoln.—Robert Hunter, a former owner of a restaurant at Elkhart, who confessed to the state fire marshal that he set fire to property valued at \$50,000, attempted to commit suicide while being examined by alienists.

Joliet.—The Joliet chamber of commerce has inaugurated a campaign to obtain \$500,000 from the Will county board of supervisors for the construction of a boulevard from Joliet to Downers Grove. The proposed road would join the improved road from Chicago to that village.

Springfield.—After the supreme court had denied an application for a writ of error and supersedeas, Governor Dunne granted a reprieve to April 9, 1915, to Frank Repetto, under sentence to hang at Joliet Friday for the murder last September of Charles Masters, a fellow convict. Attorneys for Repetto contend he is insane.

Bloomington.—Cut from the campus of the State Normal university, a gigantic Christmas tree has been placed in the courthouse yard in Bloomington. This is Bloomington's first municipal tree and it will be the center of a distribution of gifts to the worthy poor on Christmas eve. More than one thousand dollars has been subscribed.

Duquoin.—The city council has elected Alderman W. L. Thill to serve out the unexpired term of E. E. Jacobs, who resigned recently. A deadlock developed in the council when balloting began on the new mayor and more than seven hundred votes were taken. Alderman Thill defeated Alderman Knauer, his opponent, by one vote, one of Knauer's supporters being absent. As a result of the confusion, Duquoin has had four mayors in the last six weeks.

Joliet.—Six small children, inmates of the Swedish Orphan's Home here, staggered into the Richards Street school after a two-mile walk in zero weather without sufficient clothing. Three of the children had carried and half dragged their companions. The ears of three were frozen and one was so seriously chilled that her condition for the time was thought serious. All three were taken home.

Elgin.—Members of the Milk Producers' association, embracing one-third of the dairymen in the Chicago district, voted an assessment of \$100,000 for the purpose of fighting slaughter of herds infected with foot-and-mouth disease. Each member is to pay 15 cents a cow. Farmers declare the recovery of the prize dairy herds in Chicago prove the disease is curable; that the government, therefore, has no right to slaughter animals, and that those participating in the slaughter are liable for damages.

Bloomington.—E. K. Platt of Portmouth, O., and J. T. Sprague of Macomb were arrested at Clinton on suspicion of being post office robbers. A package containing \$65 in stamps was found near where the men were arrested.

Alco.—Julia Flako, author of the "Come over and kill mamma letters," was committed to the State School for Girls at Geneva until she is twenty-one years old. She is now sixteen. Julia has been in the home for nearly a year since her mother, Mrs. Illigins, was killed by Julia's stepfather, Robert Illigins, nearly a year ago. Illigins is now serving a life term at Joliet. Julia was in court when the case was called, and was brought back here from Geneva. She had nothing to say herself. She shows, however, a fuller realization of the awfulness of the crime which she encouraged her stepfather to commit in order that he might marry her.

Danville.—Chester Rodenhamel was sentenced to an indefinite term in the Chester penitentiary by Judge Thompson following his plea of guilty to a charge of arson. He admits setting four fires here on the night of November 21, in which damage to the amount of \$15,000 was done. He was arrested by Chief of Police Walker as three were in progress, but after a day in the hold-over was released.

Danville.—Fred Hille, Samuel Henry and Robert Crawford, judges of the election precinct at Grape Creek, where 75 fraudulent votes were cast out of a total of 125, were found not guilty by a jury. Unless some of the men alleged to have been used as repeaters are found, the case is closed.

Joliet.—Peter Sleepanhour paid \$5.25 for a meal that originally was worth but 50 cents. Sleepanhour went into a restaurant and ordered a meal. It came to 50 cents, but he did not have the price. He asked for credit and the police were called. He was fined on a disorderly charge.

Whence Came the Polynesians

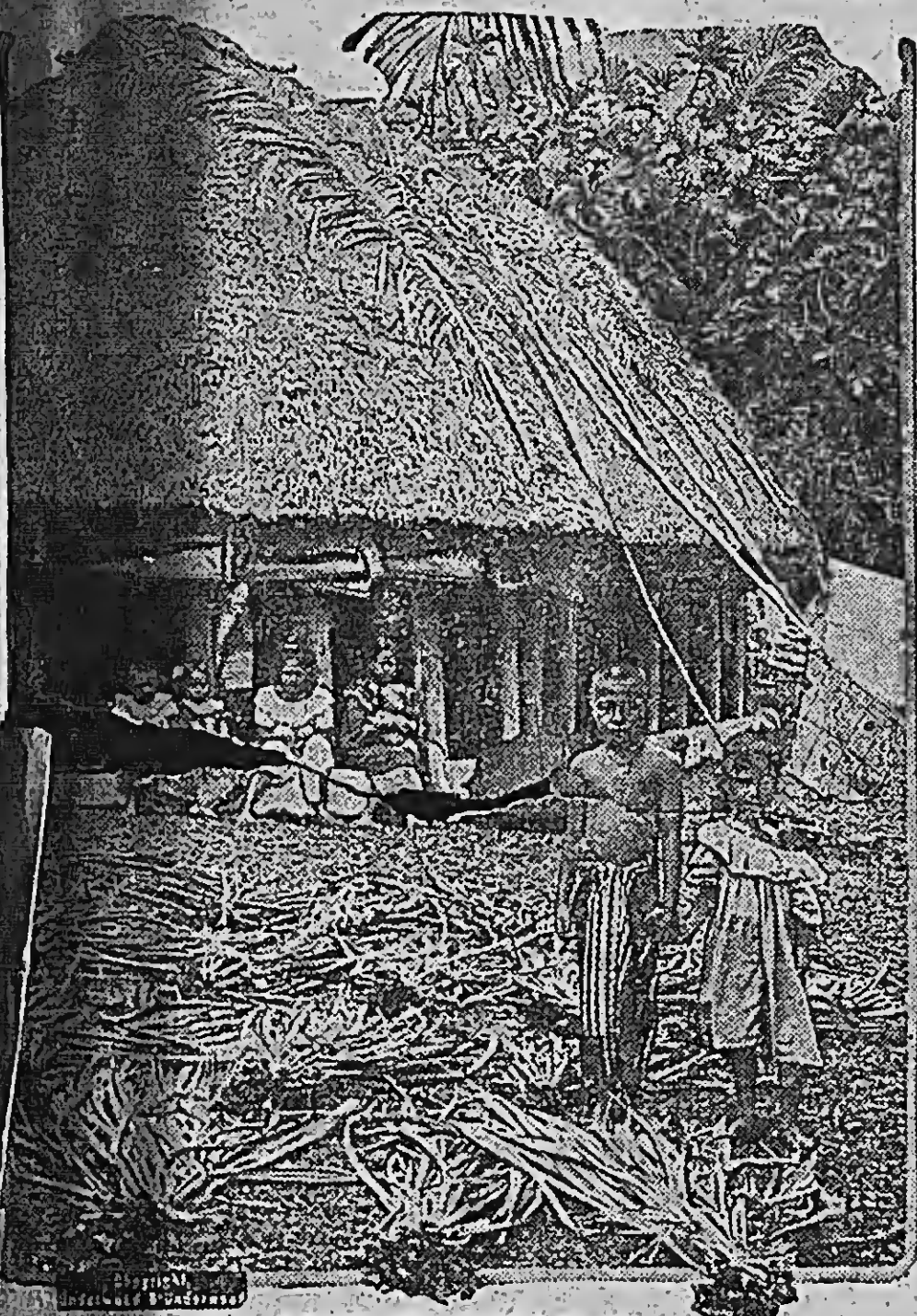
FROM what source did the Polynesian race originally spring? This is a question which has vexed the minds of learned students of the origin of races and one which has never been satisfactorily answered, says Stuart B. Dunbar in the San Francisco Chronicle. The Polynesian race in the accepted sense of the word is that race of people which inhabits the Tonga, Samoa, Ellice, Cook, Society, Marquesas and Hawaiian Islands. In former times, however, all brown skinned peoples of the islands of the Pacific were erroneously included in the classification, despite the fact that their physical and mental characteristics differ radically from the inhabitants of the islands mentioned.

The Hawaiians, that branch of the Polynesian race with which we of the United States are most vitally concerned, and which can be taken as typical representatives of the race, upon first inspection characteristics not to be found in any of the primitive peoples of the world. Appearance, customs, intelligence, the ready adaptability to civilized conditions all

which appeared and one that seemingly entirely precluded European influence was that the New Testament history of the Bible was conspicuous only by its absence from the native lore. This was and is now taken as certain evidence that no Europeans had visited the islands, for had they done so it is readily apparent that the New Testament history must have been paramount in their teachings.

One of the Lost Tribes? Possibly the most plausible theory as to the descent of the Hawaiians and the other branches of the Polynesian race is that they originally sprang from some of the lost tribes of Israel, who in some unaccountable manner, reached the shores of the great western ocean in their migrations and populated certain of its islands.

In support of this theory, which gradually is coming to be accepted among scholars, are numerous ancient legends which have been handed down by word of mouth for centuries. Of these not the least interesting is the legend having to do with the creation. In the beginning Kane, Ku and Lono, Sunlight, Substance and Sound, consti-



TYPICAL SOUTH SEA ISLAND HOME

to proclaim them as originally having descended from a highly cultured and civilized stock, but, strange to relate, just what that original stock was or from what portion of the world it migrated many centuries ago has never been accurately decided by students, and through some freak of chance not one of the hundreds of ancient Hawaiian legends which have been handed down through the generations alludes to the part of the world from which these people came.

May Be of Caucasian Descent. Physically, the Hawaiian typifies his race in being of a prepossessing appearance, tall, symmetrically built and handsome in both form and feature. His color varies from dark brown to almost white, while his features in many cases show a European cast, a fact which has given rise to the theory that he is undoubtedly of Caucasian descent. This theory, although for many years scorned by students, gradually has come to be generally accepted, and although there are many who maintain that it is without foundation, the majority of scholars are its proponents.

Outside of the racial characteristics displayed, strength is lent to the theory through the study of the mythology, folklore and primitive poetry of the Hawaiians and other Polynesian branches. All these are found to be rich in cosmogonic tales and ancestor myths, primitive epics and hero stories being particularly abundant.

When first the early missionaries visited the Hawaiian Islands they were most particularly impressed with the similarity of the native legends to the Old Testament history of the Bible. They were for a time inclined to accept the peculiar fact to the visits of the missionaries at some previous time representatives of some of the European races, but upon closer association with the natives and a more thorough understanding of their customs, legends and epics, it became apparent that they were absolutely free from European influence. Another strange fact

tuted a triad named Ku-Kaua-Kahi, recognized as the Supreme Unity.

These gods existed, as expressed by the Hawaiians, from the time of night, darkness and chaos, which latter they dispensed by an act of their will. The heavens, numbering three in all, were next created, and after them the earth, which was used by them as a footstool. Next in the order of events they created the sun and, following this, the moon and stars and a number of spirits and angels to act as their servants. Then man was made by the gods from red and white earth and clay and their spittle. The clay was brought from the ends of the earth by Lono. When the earthen form of man was completed, the triad breathed into his nose and he became a living being. Last of all, woman was created from one of the ribs of the man while he slept, and upon awaking he took her as his wife, the two becoming the parents of the present race. Although the names of the first man and woman vary in the different legends, they are most generally referred to, the man as Kumu-houua and the woman as Kealakahouua.

Like the Bible Eden.

The original home of the founders of mankind is spoken of in the Hawaiian legends as a wonderfully beautiful place, and in it were various fruits, nuts, roots and animals for the maintenance of the lives of its human inhabitants. Several of the fruits, however, were tabooed, and it was through eating one of those, a species of breadfruit, that the founders of mankind were expelled from their home and met with other misfortune.

Other legends tell of one of the spirits who were created as servants to the triad having revolted and attempted to create a man similar to Kumu-houua. The man was constructed of clay and earth, but when the spirit breathed into his nose and commanded him to come to life, he failed to do so. For this offense the spirit was thrust down into uttermost darkness—lalo-lou-ka-po—where he lived and was lord.

Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experience in the Business Covers a Range From Office Boy to General Manager

HOW WE DIVIDED THE MONEY.

The furniture department in our catalogue was a great and immediate success. The "fakos" illustrations caught the eye of the people and the orders poured in with every mail. We found out that whenever a customer ordered one article there were always a number of others included with the first. And the orders were all cash, of course. I don't remember in those days that we ever had an inquiry for credit. They seemed glad to get the goods by paying the cash and they seemed to get the money together in some manner.

We were busy. We moved away from the city where the business was started and now had a big establishment in one of the biggest of the eastern cities. Our tiny leaflet of a catalogue had increased to over fifty pages and there seemed to be no limit to our prosperity.

My work was now almost entirely connected with the catalogue. I wrote the descriptions, ordered the illustrations made by the wood engravers, superintended the printing and mailing departments and was up to my collar in work all of the time. Whenever anything of importance arose in connection with the business I was always called into a conference with Y and Z and we settled any question that arose.

One day I was called in and the doors were shut and locked. There was something of importance to be discussed.

"Look here, X, we are going to incorporate this business," said Y with a peculiar expression in his eyes. I had seen this expression before and I held myself on guard, in readiness to be very careful of my speech and action as I knew I had need of caution. It was like the "hands up" of a highwayman, that look was.

"Yes, we are going to incorporate and we are going to take you in as one of the incorporators," supplemented Z.

I held my peace. Here was something worth listening to. Seeing that I asked no questions and was waiting for them to go ahead they looked at each other until finally Y said: "We are going to incorporate for one hundred thousand dollars." He continued to explain, with interpolations by Z and an occasional question by myself until it came about that they had decided to make me a present of one thousand dollars of the capital stock.

Sounds generous, don't it? Well, it didn't to me. We had always discussed the possibility some day of incorporation and it had always been held out to me that I was to have a good slice of the capital stock. So I took up the burden of the argument. I explained my viewpoint, recited the various services I had rendered, the departments I had introduced, the improvement in the business, etc., for all of which I claimed a good part of the credit. It was due me, too, because I had developed into the handy man about the shop for doing all of the hard work.

We nearly had a row over it. I was determined that if they did not treat me with fairness, that I would withdraw and I knew where I could interest capital if necessary to start another mail order business. In fact, I had the capital myself, for by this time I was drawing a salary of three thousand a year, about \$50 per week, and I had saved a good share of my salary. I told them so with all frankness.

It resulted in their giving me \$15,000 of the capital stock and an increase in salary to \$5,000 a year. Y and Z took each \$25,000, which took out \$55,000 of the stock. It was decided to sell out the other \$34,000 of stock at par if they had a buyer for cash and of this sum I was to have 15 per cent.

The deal was put through and I found myself a comparatively rich man. Later, when the capitalization was increased to millions, I got my share of the increased valuation so that I have made pretty well out of it. Of course in this matter I am giving fictitious figures. I will not give any more details now because it would be too easy for you to guess more, for it is no part of my plan to tell you too much about the interior workings of our organization.

We have figured it all out many times just what becomes of your dollar that you send in to us with an order.

About one-half of it goes for payment for the goods ordered. The rest is divided into dimes and cents for the payment of postage, printing, maintenance of plant, insurance, office help, etc., and last and best of all into dividends for the stockholders.

The families of Y and Z are now looked upon as merchant princes. They have their yachts, their automobiles, their racing stables, their various establishments. They take their annual tours in various parts of the world and they live off the best of the world can supply. And why?

Because you have sent your dollars to the mail order house, established by their fathers many years ago. Each year you send more dollars and the wealth piles up in the banks.

All because of the clever wording of our catalogue descriptions. All be-

cause you will have the unreal instead of the genuine, because you will insist on dealing with the unknown instead of trading with your own home merchants. It is human nature for you to do this because the rule of life is to follow the will-o'-the-wisp blindly. Everybody does this, everybody tries to grasp the indefinite instead of grabbing the things at our very home door.

Really it is laughable when you come to think of it. You sent your dollars to us because you fancied and hoped that the distance, which gives enchantment to the view, would send you something in the way of a great prize. Of course we did not.

We spend our dollars like water in foreign lands while at home we do not find so much to interest us—rather we think that we do not. Year after year I have made the pilgrimage into practically all of the foreign lands. It has cost me, I do not care to say how many, thousands of dollars.

Yet all this time I know and realize that we have better things to see, better things to ride in, better things to eat, than any other land. To the crooked and thieving guides in Paris and London and Berlin we are the "easy marks." We are the simple-minded. We are the deluded, the easily deceived. The gilded palaces of revelry in Paris and Vienna, the unwholesome cabaret of St. Petersburg and Brussels, the gambling hell of Monaco, the glittering vice halls of Cairo—are all maintained by American dollars. We support them. We make them rich. We have made champagne a necessity, we have made truffles and mushrooms both expensive and desirable.

It's the history of life. Every creature shall prey upon the weaker. And we are the weaker who lavish our money on this sort of foolishness. It is really true that it is you, the people of the soil, the dwellers in the country, who are the wiser, after all. We seek dissipation and spend our energy and health as well as our dollars in looking for excitement.

It is to you, in the country, that the nation looks in time of war. Why not in peace also? The strength lies with you. The power is within your grasp. All you must do is to exercise your rights of franchise and your good sense and judgment.

Try it. Get together among yourselves in your scattered communities. Hold meetings. Discuss among yourselves what you ought to do to improve conditions. Talk it over—how to keep the money at home. Simply feather your own nests, that's all. Make your efforts count to your own advantage.

Is it possible that the dissensions and petty jealousies that are popularly supposed to exist in all small communities cannot be done away with so that you can all combine for the good of the whole? What if an armed power were on the way down the country road to burn and sack your town and cut the throats of your women and children? What would you do? Would you eldstep a mass meeting, called to create a defense, because Bill Jones or Hank Buncumb was going to be there? Would you sulk and refuse to have a thing to do with the defense plan just because you had some grievance, real or otherwise, against somebody who would be there?

Not on your life. It would be a grand rally. It would be "Hello Bill" and "Hello Hank." "Gimme a lift with this pesky cannon." "Cut a buckle hole in this strap for a belt to hold up my sword." "Hand over the powder there, I want to fire a few bullets at the enemy."

That's the spirit. Unite for the common interest with "trade at home" as your slogan.

Messages on Cannon Balls. The habit of sending messages on shells and cannon balls is a very ancient one.

In a museum at Calcutta you may see a silver cannon ball—a real ball, not a modern projectile—and on it are still visible certain engraved characters.

This was picked up in the jungle near the ruins of the old city of Anandnagar, and its history is a strange one.

Many years ago Anandnagar was ruled by Princess Candee. The Moguls invaded India, and conquering one state after another, attacked Anandnagar. The plucky princess fought to the last, and when all the other metal in the town had been used up, took the gold and silver from her treasury and had it molded into bullets, on which were engraved maledictions against the oppressor.

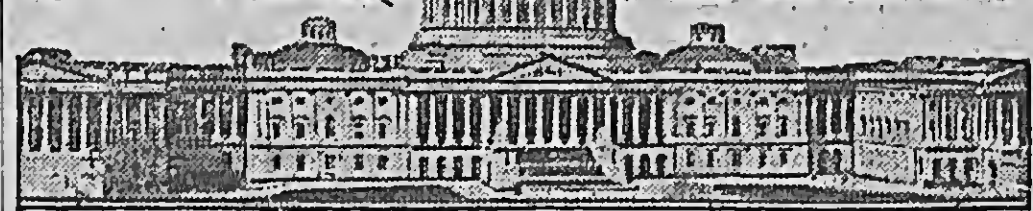
These were fired at the enemy, and when at last they were used up, and the town forced to capitulate, the victors found precious little in the way of spoil.

Sail and Rudder.

The sails of boats are our emotions, the rudders are our characters. Our sails are breathed upon by gentle zephyrs of affection and inclination, of hope and love, and of hate. They are torn by sudden gusts of passion. We are blown hither and yon by conflict of quarrelling winds, driven from our course by angry squalls. The only force by means of which we can counteract the effect of the winds and hold our course is the rudder of character.

We know that we shall be blown upon all our lives by various influences, good and bad; that our emotions—these white sails that respond to every breeze—will be played upon by every human appeal and desire. What will become of the craft that has not a firm hand on the tiller?—Youth's Companion.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Fish Doctor Wanted for Government Hatcheries

WASHINGTON.—Congress has been asked by the bureau of fisheries of the department of commerce for an appropriation of \$2,500 annually to cover the salary of a family physician for all the domesticated fishes of the United States. It has been estimated by fish experts in the employ of the government that epidemics among infant fish at government hatcheries cost more than \$1,000,000 a year. These epidemics usually occur among fish less than six months of age, and the damage worked by disease is greatly increased when the adult value of the fish is taken into consideration.

For \$2,500 a year, officials of the bureau say they can obtain the services of a fish pathologist, whose training has made him an expert in diseases of the finny youngsters.

Once the \$2,500 is secured, it is proposed to retain a male fish pathologist who has made a life work of one of the strangest paths of scientific endeavor known. There are barely a score of recognized fish pathologists in the United States at the present time, it is said, and one of the possible sources of difficulty the government may experience is the employment of such an expert at a salary of only \$2,500 a year. He will be required to make his headquarters at Washington and receive here the reports of threatened outbreaks of epidemics at government hatcheries in any part of the country.

It is not particularly well known to the general public that trout and salmon are greatly troubled with a disease which in the human being would be considered somewhat close to a goitre. This is a swelling of the thyroid gland in the throat of a salmon or a trout, which soon becomes apparent by a swelling of the throat, and eventually results in the death of the afflicted fish. At the present there is no known remedy for the disease, and it is to begin a study of this and similar ailments that the bureau of fisheries is asking for a fish doctor.

Bugs, Deprived of Food, Desert the Patent Office

BUGS of varied shapes and hues no longer lap up milk with great gusto in the patent office as of yore. The good old days of Bugdem's free dairy lunch in that building have passed forever, if Judge James I. Parker, chief clerk of the interior department, has anything to say in the matter—and he has everything to say, as a matter of fact.

The judge has just issued an edict that milk bottles—either full, half full or empty—are to disappear at once from the precincts of the patent office. It is not so much that the bugs scramble in gangs and troops from all corners and crevices of the patent office and invade the galleries where the employees of the office are wont to congregate at lunch hours and regale themselves with foods and milk. It is not so much that the bugs clamor down the sides of empty milk bottles and eagerly lap up the succulent drops of the white fluid. The judge hasn't the slightest desire to deprive poor hungry bugs of their sustenance.

But the judge has a decided feeling against the bugs eating up the thousands of drawings and descriptions of patents stored in the galleries. It appears that the bugs, after feeding on milk left by kind-hearted employees of the department, are still hungry, and go foraging around in the files for choice documents upon which to polish their repasts. Perhaps it is wrong to drink first and eat afterward, but these are bugs, remember, and there is no accounting for what bugs will do.



Finger-Print System Proves Useful to the Army

BRIG. GEN. GEORGE ANDREWS, as adjutant general of the army, has made a report to the war department in regard to the successful operation of the finger-print system of identification in the detection of military offenders. At present, he says, the adjutant general's office has on file the finger-print records of 202,244 individuals who are now or had been previously enlisted in the army.

During the past fiscal year 457 cases of fraudulent enlistment of former deserters, general prisoners and others were discovered through the finger-print system. During the preceding year the number of cases of fraudulent enlistment discovered through that system was 255, and during the fiscal year 1912 the number was 337.

"This office," says General Andrews, "has identified by means of this system dead men who were former soldiers and whose identity could not be satisfactorily established in any other way, as well as civil offenders who sought to evade arrest for their crimes by enlisting in the army under assumed names, and soldiers who left impressions of their fingers while in the act of committing some serious offense."

"It is undoubtedly true that the use of finger-print records and photographs has deterred criminals from attempting to enter the army for the purpose of escaping detection and arrest by the civil authorities."

Many Eligible Bachelors in the National Capital

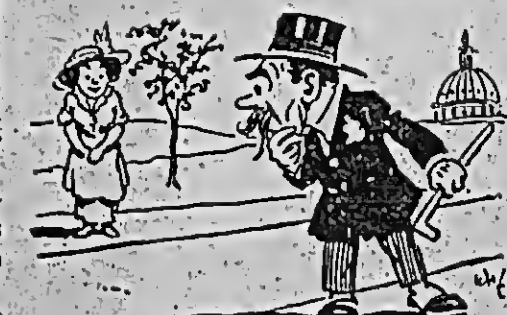
WASHINGTON has a long list of eligible bachelors. Among them is the new associate justice of the Supreme court, Judge McReynolds. However, he is by no means a misogynist. He is fond of the society of girls and likes to do nice things for them and pay them little attentions. The third assistant postmaster-general, Alexander Dockery, is another bachelor. At his home in Missouri he is a political force. He was at one time governor of the state.

There is also John Barrett, director of the Pan-American union. He is a man of some means, with a taste for society.

The presence of the diplomatic corps in Washington naturally means the presence of a host of young attaches, not all eligible, perhaps, but dear to the heart of the debutante and the hostess. And there are six foreign ministers here who are bachelors—namely, Don Roberto Brenes Messen from Costa Rica, Mehdi Khan from Persia, Dr. Alberto Manabren from Honduras, Dr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes from Cuba, Viscount d'Alta from Portugal and Constantin Bruun from Denmark.

The senate has a full allowance of bachelors, and the house bristles with them. Moreover, an unusual number of army and navy bachelors now occupy positions of trust and importance in the national capital.

And the widowers must not be overlooked. Foremost among them is John R. McLean, one of the richest men in the city, owner of one of the handsomest homes in Washington, to say nothing of Friendship, his country place near by. He entertains constantly and elaborately and is a notably charming host. Then there is William H. Lamar, attorney-general for the post office department, a fine-looking man with brains.



RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller are spending this week in Waukegan.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Meier Tuesday, Dec. 22. All doing nicely.

Wedding bells are to ring again. It is quoted on good authority that Mr. A. Bartlett is to bring a bride to our village.

The Sunday school is preparing a fine program to be given in connection with the Christmas tree at the church Thursday evening.

Joe Koelstra, F. Verlander and a few others were at the county seat the first of the week getting their naturalization papers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamlin came back from Chicago Sunday evening and were given a warm reception by the boys in spite of the storm.

Henry Nadr, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nadr was quite badly hurt last Saturday while coasting down hill on his sled. He was thrown and fell from the sled, being injured internally.

Sidney Wallace is putting up a new bungalow on his lot between the house occupied by Paul Avery and the one owned by Herman Meier. We understand that he will occupy this himself and rent the one he now occupies.

BRISTOL

J. E. Dixon was in Kenosha on last Saturday.

C. H. Whitcher spent last Thursday in Kenosha.

H. B. Gaines was in Chicago on business last Friday.

Dr. Thom and Roy Murdock motored to Kenosha Friday.

Miss Florence Murdock is spending her vacation at home.

Gordon Brown and wife were in Kenosha shopping last Friday.

W. Gaines and wife entertained the Midnight club last Saturday.

The Murdock flats are again vacant as the shoemaker has moved his family to Silverlake.

Geo. Bryant started for Kenosha last Saturday but did not get very far as the D. L. F. refused to start.

SILVER LAKE

Mrs. Selby is on the gain.

John Salvin was home Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Harm called here Saturday.

Bert Dean and wife spent Sunday out of town.

Miss Albertine Johnson came home Saturday.

Mrs. Edith Ronkel and son visited here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean were Burlington shoppers Monday.

A large crowd attended the Christmas exercises at school Friday.

Miss Clarey is spending her vacation at her home near Milwaukee.

There will be a masquerade ball at Silverlake New Years night, Jan. 1. Morrell's orchestra will furnish the music. A fine time guaranteed.

SALEM

Misses Hartnell's were Kenosha visitors Saturday.

J. Peace and wife were Kenosha shoppers on Saturday.

S. Cull and wife visited their daughter in Waterford last week.

The Paddock school closed Friday with a program for a vacation.

W. Murphy and wife will take possession of the Jepson hotel Jan. 1.

Miss Lena Katz of Epworth, Iowa, came home Saturday for a vacation.

Mrs. C. Blanchard and Mrs. A. Burdick were Kenosha shoppers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Googan leave this week for a visit with relatives in Davenport, Iowa.

There will be a masquerade ball at Silverlake, New Years night, Jan. 1. Morrell's orchestra will furnish the music. A fine time guaranteed.

Birth of Well-Known Society.
The first society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded in England in 1824 by Mr. Martin, M. P.

WILMOT

Ed Lonle is on the sick list.

Clarence Vincent is on the sick list.

Mrs. Geo. Winchell is much better.

School closed Thursday for a week's vacation.

Geo. Higgins and wife motored to Kenosha Friday.

Ben. Nett and wife spent Sunday at Bassett.

Geo. O'Malley of Silverlake spent Sunday here.

Miss Grace Carey was a Burlington shopper Monday.

Miss Lelah Kennedy was a Kenosha shopper Wednesday.

Mr. Burroughs was in Milwaukee on business Thursday.

Miss Ethel Wright was a Chicago passenger Thursday.

Mrs. Ching and Mrs. Shales of Antioch visited here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Dean of Silverlake spent Sunday here.

Miss Emma Kruckman of Kenosha is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. R. C. Shottliff entertained company from Chicago this week.

Miss Faber will spend her vacation at her home in Marshfield, Wis.

Miss Bernice Peacock visited over Sunday with friends at Powers Lake.

Rollie Hegeman arrived home Saturday from Madison for his vacation.

Mrs. Geo. Faulkner entertained company from Pleasant Prairie Sunday.

Floyd Hanneman arrived home from Montana, Saturday for a vacation.

Misses Ada and Edith Dean visited over Sunday with their brother at Bassett.

Miss Hazel Hegeman entertained the Wilmot Card club Monday evening.

Five hundred was played and a good time was enjoyed by all.

There will be a masquerade ball at Silverlake New Years night, Jan. 1. Morrell's orchestra will furnish the music. A fine time guaranteed to all.

TREVOR

Walker Curtis and Mr. Mickle were in Madison Tuesday.

The infant child of Philip Kizer died Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Joseph Smith did shopping in Antioch Saturday.

Will Mecklenburg and Arthur Parks were in Chicago Monday.

Miss Anna Holscher entertained the young ladies club Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Lobeno entertained the card party Saturday evening.

The teachers are planning to entertain their pupils and the parents at the hall Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Chas. Barber and daughter of Kenosha and Mrs. Vera Lobeno are spending the holidays at home.

Nelson Drom, Leonard Schmidcamp and Harold Mickle attended the picture show at Antioch Monday evening.

A number of our young people attended the Ladies German club at Miss Darby's of Wilmot Saturday.

The Liberty Sunday school will celebrate Christmas eve by giving a fine program at the church. All are invited.

There will be a dance at Baethke's hall, Trevor, Wis., on New Years night. Music by Hanneman's orchestra. Come and have a good time.

There will be a masquerade ball at Silverlake New Years night. Morrell's orchestra will furnish the music. A fine time guaranteed to all.

HICKORY

Miss Smith visited over Sunday at the Hollenbeck home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wells and Gordon spent Sunday at Gages Lake.

Frank McCarthy and wife spent Sunday at the home of S. W. Ames.

Mrs. Andrew Peterson and daughter spent Thursday and Friday in Waukegan.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Hollenbeck entertained a few of the nearby friends last Thursday evening. Dave Pullen can tell you if there was anything in the line of refreshments.

Optimistic Thought.
The dull world hath need of you.

HEAVY BONDAGE OF CUSTOM

True Freedom Will Be Found to Be a Rare Gem, When All Things Are Considered.

Freedom is a priceless gem—and a rare one, also; for in spite of the fact that we live in an age of religious freedom, freedom of the press, freedom of speech and comparative freedom of our mode of living, yet we are bound in various ways—such ways that make real freedom rare. As a free-born race we could dress as we chose, eat as we chose and live as we chose, providing we did not encroach upon the rights of others. But this we do not do.

We dress as custom and fashion decree—be it comfortable or not, and we are quite careful to follow fashion's guiding finger though our daily life and from year to year. And so we are not free—but bound securely. What that bondage leads to may be seen any day on any street where people pass by.

Then there is another kind of freedom that should be highly prized and sought for, and that is courteous freedom of manner. Many persons live a rather lonely life simply because they never considered graciousness as worth cultivating. "Gush" and "splashing over" are unpardonable offenses to our conservative world.

And yet there is a happy medium between that and the coldly critical person. A little freedom is helpful in all walks of life—for high or low, as our stations may be, we are of a common clay that must mold in time into common dust—for after a century or two who could distinguish duet of prince from dust of pauper?

It is worth while to bend a little—to be a bit friendly with the pilgrims passing along the road of life. For we need each other's aid and we need a certain sense of freedom in manner and speech. Frozen faces were never conducive to happy hearts. Unbend a little!—Dedham Transcript.

MUCH BENEFIT IN MEDITATION

Better Than Discussion in Enabling One to Get a Correct View of Things.

In meditation we are free. We can consider one side and then the other without embarrassment. If we change our opinion because the weight of evidence has shifted, there is no one to exult over us and make us ashamed. If we recognize that we have been mistaken in our assumptions there is no one to say, "I told you so." We quietly make the necessary adjustments to ever changing reality, and go on with our business of thinking. We are not required to reach any predetermined conclusions. We have no nervous anxiety to catch any particular train of thought, as we are traveling on our own feet, and are willing to put up wherever the night finds us. Hence it is that while discussions go on with great vigor, and few are convinced except of the righteousness of their own cause, meditation often brings unexpected results. When we meditate we sometimes change our minds. This is a beneficial achievement, for it renders it unnecessary for us to spend all our strength in attempting to change the order of the universe and the whole direction of human progress, in order to get a sense of the fitness of things.—S. M. Crothers, in Atlantic Monthly.

Odd Baby Tender.

The "baby tender" invented and used to this day in the island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee is the substitute for the cradle which resists the advance of baby carriages and modern high chairs. In Marken, babies of both sexes are dressed exactly alike, the accepted fashion having been unchanged for three centuries. At so early an age is the infant inured in the stays of this costume that there is no use for a cradle for babies in Marken. The child is supported and kept out from under foot in a wooden contrivance serving both as a chair and cradle, which is mounted on small wheels so that it may be readily moved about. A shelf in front serves as a rest or receptacle for food or playthings.

Your Pace.

Have you ever tried to pace off an eighth of a mile, or any other distance? If you pace an eighth of a mile you will probably find that it will take you considerably more than two hundred and twenty yards. The trained walker learns to gauge his pace accurately. Do you know how long your normal pace is? The way to find out how long it ought to be is to drop a string from your eyebrows to the floor. One-half of that distance is the normal pace. British soldiers are trained to step 31½ inches, the Germans one-half inch less, French and Austrian infantrymen step 30 inches, and Russians 27½.—The American Boy.

Reasonable.

A Missouri dorky was endeavoring to sell a mule to a Jefferson City man, who, however, was in doubt as to the animal's age.

"If," said he, "this mule is as young as you claim, why is it that he bends so at the knees?"

"Oh, don't let that little fact worry you, boss," the negro hastened to say. "Dat mule bend at de lings, but ain't due to no age dat he does. De bones 'ruff, boss, is dat I ain't had de money to look after dat mule de way he oughter been. My stable is kinder low an' dat mule he been obliged to stoop a little, dat's all."—Harper's Magazine.

Children and Old-Fashioned Toys



CHILDREN—conservative beings, even old-fashioned, when it comes to choosing toys. They aren't up to date and as full of the modern spirit of progress and invention as the toymakers believe them to be.

Thus spoke one who is a sort of professional Santa Claus—that is, he has played the part at so many Sunday school Christmas parties that he sometimes imagines he is growing cotton whisks.

"They display the same quaint, simple, old-fashioned taste as their grandfathers and grandmothers when they were children," he continued. "Most of them, do, anyhow. Every year the toy manufacturers break loose with a new crop of automatic racing cars, aeroplanes, submarines, fire engines and kicking donkeys. If the children were constructed on the same nervous clock-work plan, they would give old Santa Claus no rest unless he kept up with all the modern inventions. Instead of toy soldiers they would demand mortar batteries, and they would not be satisfied with mooley cows, but would demand that they have pedigrees and give only certified milk and cream.

"They would not accept a Noah's ark unless it was a combination of the steamship Lusitania and a modern cement bungalow, with sleeping porches, twin-screw propellers, electric searchlights, wireless apparatus, second chattel mortgage—in fact, all the comforts of ship and home complete. They would require Mr. Noah to carry a pilot's license as well as a college degree in natural history. All the animals would have to be trained to do tricks, and poor Noah's family would have a fine time herding them while wearing wooden raincoats and stove-pipe hats.

"Fortunately children, real children, are not constructed that way. They want their arks on the old-fashioned plan, whereby you lift off the roof and find Noah minus his head, and most of the animals trying to hobble on three legs.

"Automobiles in miniature, with real

HE WAS THANKFUL.



"John," said the Loving Wife, "I intended to get you a nice new necktie for Christmas, but I am ashamed to acknowledge that in the rush of the shopping I completely forgot it."

"Thank you, nevertheless," said the happy husband.

ANNUAL "HOLLER" DAY.

When children have their Christmas toys the house will ring with laughter gay; and thus, in truth, by girls and boys, 'Is Christmas made a "holler" day.

DIVIDE ALL GOOD FORTUNE

Eskimo Tribe Seem Never to Have Learned the Meaning of Selfishness.

Probably no more clannish—and unselfish—people exist than the natives of the arctic coast of Siberia, the lowest type of semi-savage Eskimos, a writer in the Youth's Companion remarks. They are ever thinking of one another's welfare, and if one enters into possession of anything of value, he never thinks of keeping it for himself, but calls the other members of the tribe to share with him. If a whale is taken, or a polar bear, caribou, or walrus is killed, the meat is divided among all the igloos. Even during the hard winter, when there is a shortage of food, if a seal is brought in by some fortunate hunter, the meat and blubber are equally distributed.

Four men from East Cape, the Siberian side of Behring strait, were taken aboard the whale ship Narwhal to make up the boat crews for whaling in the Arctic. All through the summer season they remained aboard the vessel, doing their share of the porpoising and wearisome work. When the vessel returned to East Cape, on its way south, the captain made a pile of flour, sugar, hard bread, calico, tobacco, cartridges, needles and thread, tea, matches—everything dear to the Eskimo heart. It was their wages, and the Eskimo were proud of their wealth.

The walrus hide canoes came alongside and the four men were taken ashore with their riches. At the water's edge every article was delivered to waiting hands, and when the men who had worked all summer for these necessities and luxuries started for their igloos they carried all they kept for themselves in their hands. They were almost as poor as they were when they started on the cruise, but the village was temporarily happy—and so were they.

WHY WASTE TIME FRETTING?

Common Form of Foolishness Most Noticeable Among Those of Weak Character.

There is one sin which, it seems, is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is common as air, as speech—so common, that unless it rises above its usual tone of discordant complaining, we do not even observe it. Observe any ordinary meeting of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody makes more or less complaining statements of something or other which probably everyone in the room, or in the street, may be known before, and yet no one can help but say, "Why fret about it?"

It is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, it looked a bit stupidly or had faith somewhere resulted in discomfort.

There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in course of every day's living, even the simplest. If one keeps a sharp cut on that side of things: Even He Who says we are "born to trouble" sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the black of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

Essential to Character.

It is better medicine, but the thing needed most in the human soul is discipline.

It is well to have force, genius, vim, or enthusiasm, love, power; but you may have them and be a criminal, a lunatic or a cad; you become great only when to these you add self-control.

The latest movement in education is toward developing the initiative of the child. This can hardly be carried too far. And the old, stupid method of thwarting, denying and browbeating little ones, just for the sake of discipline, cannot be too roundly condemned. But for all that there is danger that in our new eagerness to find and bring out the child's forces we may forget the prime need of strengthening his self-denial.—Woman's World.

Behavior of Thunderstorm.

Rubber on one's heels as a protection against a flash of lightning—commended by the coroner at a recent inquiry—gets no support from Flammarion, who has specialized on the behavior of thunderstorms. Even an india rubber gait he thinks childish, a childish as all umbrellas without ribs. Among his rules for safety, he generally recognized, is one forbidding us to run during a storm, for running causes movements of the air, and lightning is easily diverted along such paths. Don't ring bells, and avoid animals and telegraph posts, are among his hints.

Britain's Pagan Code.

"Make the punishment fit the crime" was Sir Robert Anderson's Gilbertian text at a mansion house meeting of the St. Giles Christian mission. Sir Robert, who was once head of the criminal investigation department said: "Our criminal law is a pagan code, and the punishment of a man supports it. The proper way of giving the punishment to the crime would be to make a man who steals a turp give it back, or pay compensation. That way, in five or six years, should have a sort of deputy assistant millennium."—London Chronicle.

HOLIDAY GREETING

FOR LADIES

English Ivory Goods
35c. to \$10.00

We guarantee these to be absolutely first class goods, beautiful and durable. Brush and Comb sets, Manicure sets, Paper Cutters, Letter Openers, Clocks, Hair Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, Vanity Cases, Powder Boxes, Hair Receivers, Tooth Brushes, Tooth Brush Holders, and Card Cases.

Ebony Toilet Goods
25c. to \$2.00

Hand Painted China

We have a choice assortment of pieces at 50c to \$3.50

(Painted by Miss Bertha Katzenberg, Genoa Junction, Wis.)

Also other dishes at 10c to \$1.00

Stationery

A handsome line of "Saxon Linen Lawn" in plain boxes at 50c. (The box will look just as seasonable 4th of July as it does now.) Better quality paper than you can buy in a fancy box.

Candy

We have the finest assortment and largest stock of box candy in town. All best quality and guaranteed fresh. 25c. to \$1.00 per box. Finest bulk chocolates at 40c. per lb.

Don't fail to see our 5 lb., prize box of chocolates to be given away Xmas Eve to lucky number. A number with each 25c purchase in our store.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

This is the year for useful presents. We give below a list of practical gifts that are useful as well as ornamental; things that can be used every day in the year. If you are in doubt as to what to give look this over carefully, then come in and see the goods. A small deposit will reserve any article. Choose from a full stock.

Come in and look around. Always
a pleasure to show our goods whether
you wish to buy or not.

Merry Christmas

KING'S DRUG STORE

ANTIOCH,

Tel. 202.

ILLINOIS

FOR GENTLEMEN

Safety Razors

Gem, Ever-Ready, Gillette, Weck; at \$1 to \$5. Let us show you the Weck. (The best one in the bunch at \$2.)

Pipes.

To suit the most particular man, 25c. to \$5. With and without cases.

Cigars

We have them in boxes at \$1, \$2 and \$4. All popular brands—Tom Keene, San Felice, Chancelors etc.

Shaving Accesories

Shaving sets, mirrors, mugs, shaving soap, (bar and sticks), lotions, brushes, etc.

Pocket Books

A purse or bill book to meet YOUR requirements 25c to \$2.00

Also Chamois Vests

Thermos Bottles, etc., etc.

For Baby

Ivory toilet sets, rattles, pacifiers and etc.

For the Children

Toys, games, dolls, blackboards, paints, candy etc. We don't intend to carry any toys over. Better see our prices.

For Everybody

Xmas and New Year post cards. Big assortment 1c. to 10c. Post card albums

Also pictures, picture frames, chamois vests, leather card cases, etc., etc.

Books

Which makes a long remembered Xmas present. We have a large assortment.

Kodaks

Acceptable present for young and old. Brownies at \$1 to \$3. Kodaks at \$6 to \$20.

Christmas Eve Suggestions



Merry Christmas to all

Christmas will soon be here and a good present to make will be
a nice pair of warm slippers.

THESE ARE WHAT WE HAVE:

Fur top slippers for ladies	\$1.00	MEN'S SLIPPERS	
Fancy slippers with ribbon	\$1.25	in tan, good quality	\$1.50
Plain slippers	\$1.00	in black, good quality	\$1.30
Felt slippers	50c	All felt, good quality	60c
		ROMEOES	
		in tan, good quality	\$1.70
		in black, good quality	\$1.70

CITY SHOE STORE

J. R. CRIBB, Prop.

Antioch, Ill.



Santa's Christmas

By MARY D. ARNOTT



LINDENETTE struggled vainly with the tears that squeezed at last through tired eyelids. It was not often that the brave little homemaker gave way to grief, but in the present moment she seemed unable to control her emotion.

In the next room childish voices prattled joyously. Lindenette had not found the heart to tell them that Christmas would have to come and go without the much heralded visit from Santa Claus. Since the loss of both parents Lindenette had managed to keep a roof over the heads of her small brother and sister and had provided food for their slight frames. What did it matter if her cheeks had lost their roses and her lips their cheery bloom? The smile lingered. That was all that mattered.

She brushed her tears aside and arose to answer an unexpected summons from the knocker. She looked her surprise at the great man who stood on her tiny porch.

"I have come in search of one Linden Lane," the stranger said with a smile to which the girl responded.

"The name is unusual," admitted Lindenette, "and my own is even more impossible—being Lindenette Lane. May I ask you in from the cold?" She opened the door and Marvin Goodwin entered the pitifully barren room into which she led him. His eyes followed the girl rather than the contents of the room.

Two small, pale faces peered at him from the kitchen door, and Goodwin smiled at them.

"Do I look like Santa Claus?" he asked them by way of breaking the ice.

"No, you don't," returned the boy, bluntly. "Besides, Linda says it may be too cold for Santa Claus to come out this year." There was a wall from the little sister, and the boy strove vainly to conceal his disappointment at this announcement.

Linda gave them each a hug and told them to run along. When they had gone she turned to Goodwin with inquiry in her eyes.

"My errand is a pleasant one," he said quickly, for his own voice was none too controlled. "It will add to your happiness, I know." He drew a memorandum from his pocket, and after consulting it, asked: "Your father, Linden Lane? Did he live in Stillwater, Minn., 22 years ago?"

"Yes," replied Linda, with a flush of excitement lending roses to her cheeks. "I was born there."

"Then, to come directly to the point," Goodwin told her, "we find two deposits of \$25 each in two of our banks there. One Linden J. Lane opened the account 22 years ago."

Linda laughed softly.

"My father used always to fear bank failures, and put small amounts in many banks." She turned sparkling eyes upon Goodwin. "We thought we had collected all his savings," she said.

"These two nests were undiscovered," the man laughed, "and the hens have been laying golden eggs. You have, at this very minute \$500."

"Three hundred dollars! Oh!" she impulsively held out her two tollworn little hands. "It is a fortune! The children! They can have their Santa Claus!"

Goodwin found himself feeling happier than he remembered having felt before. Was it the knowledge that he had been the Good Fairy in this small family, or was it something more subtle, more wonderful that had crept into his mind?

He laughed a trifle nervously.

"I am going to ask for immediate payment for the joy I have found for you," he said and when Linda's questioning eyes met his he said impetuously: "Let me come tomorrow—and help make Christmas glad for the children. May I come?"

Linda glanced at him with a new shyness. "Yes," she said, simply. "If you like I will go with you to help get that Christmas tree."

Next morning Linda and the children were up early.

The crackling of the fire as it roared up the stovepipe created a spirit of cheerfulness that greeted Marvin Goodwin when he presented himself at an early hour.

"Oh!" shouted Bobby, "here's our own Santa Claus!" His eyes were glistened to the arrival of packages Goodwin deposited on the table.

"Bobby!" cried Linda.

"Haven't you ever been Santa Claus before?" queried Peggy.

"Never! This is my very first experience. I hope I will acquit myself with proper dignity."

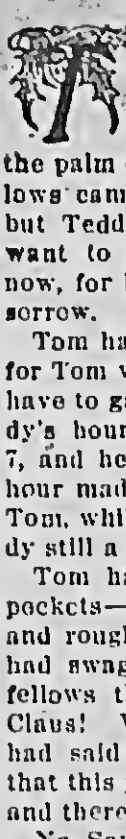
And Linda's eyes, over the heads of the children, looked down deep into Goodwin's big soul, and unconsciously she let the man read what her heart was saying.

"Next Christmas," he was saying in his mind, "Linda will have permanent roses in her cheeks, and her eyes will be mine, and that will be all the happiness one Santa Claus could have."

Lindenette smiled.

Plenty of Proof

By O. F. WOODRUFF



TEDDY sat upon the top step of the stairs that led to the street and rested his chin in the palm of his hand. Some of the fellows came along and hulloed to him, but Teddy didn't answer. He didn't want to play with the fellows just now, for he was battling with a great sorrow.

Tom had said it, so it must be true, for Tom was eight years old and didn't have to go to bed until 8 o'clock. Teddy's hour for retiring was half past 7, and he realized that the extra half hour made a man of the world out of Tom, while it left the unfortunate Teddy still a baby.

Tom had stuck his hands into his pockets—Tom's trousers were lovely and rough, just like his father's—and had swaggered around telling all the fellows that there wasn't any Santa Claus! When questioned further, he had said that there used to be, but that this year there wasn't going to be, and there never would be again.

No Santa Claus! If Teddy hadn't been six years old, he might have cried, but of course one as old as he never cried.

Teddy wondered if he'd better tell his mother. He decided he wouldn't. Why should his mother, whom he loved so dearly, be made to suffer any longer than was necessary?

It was hard, though, during the next two weeks, which seemed like years, not to tell, and when Christmas eve came and his mother gayly brought out his biggest pair of stockings and

hung them up at the end of the mantle he could hardly keep back his tears. How disappointed he and his mother would be when they got up in the morning and found the stockings empty! She leaned over and kissed him tenderly. "Are you tired, dear?" she asked. "You don't seem as happy as usual!"

Teddy assured her, as well as he was able for the lump in his throat, that he was perfectly well. His mother, like the wise one that she was, didn't press the question. She merely drew up her low rocking chair and sat beside the bed until she thought Linda was asleep and then she crept quietly down stairs.

Teddy lay for a long time after she went, watching the firelight flicker on the walls. He couldn't go to sleep and besides what was the use, when there wasn't anything to wake up for? A good many tears rolled out of the corners of his eyes, but he didn't care now.

He must have lain there for about four or ten hours, he thought, and had just shut his eyes to rest them from the light, when he heard a sound, a very little bit of a sound. He sat up quickly in bed and listened eagerly, because it sounded, it really did sound, as if it might be sleighbells. In a minute, he didn't know just how, he was leaving out of the window.

He didn't feel as if he had walked there at all, but more as if he had just skinned along without any effort on his part, as if he had been some sort of delightful fish bird. He leaned away out of the window, not feeling a bit afraid of falling, and looked down upon the street.

Yes, down there on the street, as plain as day, he could see the reindeer shaking their long horns and prancing until the bells that seemed almost to cover them filled the air with their musical jingle. And then there was a gleam of red. Somebody was climbing into the sleigh! There was the echo

of a jovial voice calling, the horns of the reindeer quivered joyfully, their little feet pawed the ground, then the whole turnout seemed to leap, into the air, and like a flash was gone!

Teddy rubbed his eyes. It was funny! He thought he was at the window, but here he was in bed.

He sat up and looked around the room. The fire in the grate had gone out, but the gray light of the morning was beginning to steal through the curtains. Teddy slid out of bed and crept softly to the fireplace.

The stockings were bulging in all directions, he had been their exhilarating wont in other years! He put out his hand and touched one of them gently. It was no dream! The stocking was full to overflowing!

With a little sighing, whispering wheeze of joy and relief Teddy clasped his hands until the knuckles showed as white as the snow outside. Then with a cry of absolute delight he dashed into his mother's room.

She opened a pair of sleepy eyes at the sound of the pattering little feet. Teddy threw himself upon her, laughing and sobbing.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" he cried. "He come after all! Santa Claus did come! Santa Claus did come! He did, he did, he did!"—Chicago Daily News.

There was little in the window to interest a mite of a girl earning a paltry \$6 a week, yet of a sudden her eyes, a moment before so tired, lighted excitedly, and a casual observer might have noticed how exquisitely beautiful they were. The tired line of her mouth also relaxed, and hopefully she stepped closer to the plate glass and peered for a long, concentrated moment at a silver tea caddy of quaint design.

After a second's hesitation she opened the door and walked bravely into the little shop.

"The tea caddy?" she asked of the woman who greeted her inquiringly. "How much is it?"

"The little silver one?" The woman looked her surprise, as she noted the shabby black coat and much-worn skirt. "You wanted to buy it?" she asked kindly, for something in the girl's eyes made her know she was in earnest. "It is \$25."

"Twenty-five dollars!" the girl gasped, and as suddenly as it had come the brightness left her eyes. "Twenty-five," she repeated. "I'm afraid I could never afford that." She gripped her pay envelope firmly and, turning, walked out of the shop.

A Silver Tea Caddy

By SOPHY F. COULO



LITTLE sat upon the top step of the stairs that led to the street and rested his chin in the palm of his hand. Some of the fellows came along and hulloed to him, but Teddy didn't answer. He didn't want to play with the fellows just now, for he was battling with a great sorrow.

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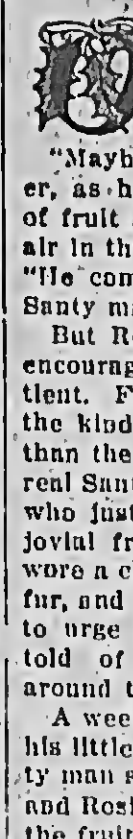
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Rosie's Santy Man

By IRENE BEACHE



OH DEAR! I wish he'd come," sighed Rosie Perrowe.

"Maybe he be sick," said the brother, as he dusted carefully the array of fruit arranged with such a holiday air in the narrow window of his shop. "He come if he not sick. You wait. Santy man no forget."

But Rosie in spite of her brother's encouraging words became very impatient. Finally she started in search of the kind friend, who was none other than the Santy of her street. Not the real Santy of Christmas eve, but a man who just pretended he was the same jovial friend of holly and cheer and wore a cloak and hat of red, faced with fur, and carried instead of a long whip a cane and a bag of goodies.

A week before Pietro had seen from his little shop windows this same Santy man stagger and fall. Then both he and Rosie had helped the stranger into the fruit shop, where food and sympathy had been generously given. Now, it was the day before Christmas and the stranger who each day had stopped at Pietro's little shop had failed to appear.

"Maybe he up the street somewhere," the brother had called to Rosie. "When you see him, tell him, tomorrow we look for him to cut with us. Yes?"

Rosie nodded and went on down the long avenue. There was a gentle snow falling, just enough to add to the street the touch of Christmas. But nowhere

could Rosie see the kind Santy man of her street, who had told her such wonderful tales of toys, fairies and of the real country of deep hills and red sunsets.

Suddenly she thought of something, a something so different that it made her heart go thump-thump. She would go to the wonderful toyshop, just around the corner and see for herself, if her friend was there.

But not a tired, hurried clerk of the shop had time to answer Rosie's questions. Finally she approached a tall, gray-haired man standing in the center of the long aisle. She felt certain he would know something about the Santy of her street.

"Please, do you know our Santy man?"

"Who?" asked the man.

"The Santy man, who wore a red coat, cap and carried a sign?"

"No, I don't. What is it you want to buy, little girl?"

"I don't want to buy nothing. I'm just looking for the Santy man of my street. He—" Then Rosie could say no more. The lumps would stick in her throat, no matter how hard she swallowed.

Just what might have happened is hard to say, if a lady standing near hadn't heard what Rosie said and wanted to help her. She knew exactly what to do.

An hour later, after seeing Pietro at his little shop, Rosie rode away with the lady, who was very beautiful, by the way, in her big automobile, to the hospital, where the poor Santy had been taken the night before.

It was a wonderful, curious little Rosie, who followed her friend down the long, cool hall to the ward where the sick Santy man lay. Timidly she walked to the man's bedside. He saw her. He held out his hand. Rosie grabbed it and held it close and fast in her own little hands.

"Oh—I'm so glad you're found. Me and Pietro love you so much. I never

would have found you if the beautiful lady hadn't—"

But Rosie didn't finish the sentence, for Santy hadn't heard a word she was saying. He was staring with deep, strange eyes at the lady, who had drawn nearer the sick man's bed.

"Sis," he whispered.

"Sis," she answered.

There Rosie sat with shivering eyes and a little heart thumping and listened to the wonderful story of her Santy man and the lady. Santy was none other than the lady's brother, whom she hadn't seen since the day, years and years ago, he ran away to sea. And the lady? She was the beautiful fury of the toy-shop.

"And did you know all the time she owned it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you go and see her?"

"Because I was too poor, sick and proud."

Now, of course, like all stories where fairies and Santy held forth, everybody was glad and lived happy ever afterward. It was a wonderful day for Rosie and Pietro.

And up and down Rosie's street, too, there was gladness; for the good news had spread to the children, Rosie and the sparrows told, that the Santy man of their street had found a sister.

When Churton's man came back, he was told that the master would not be home for some days.

It was three years later—and 12 months after he had announced his marriage to a fellow artist's daughter—that old Churton died, leaving all the business to Caleb, and not mentioning Jack Churton by so much as a single word in his will.

To do him justice, Caleb had rebelled against this as much as he could, but he had found out that his brother was able to keep his head above water, and after offering him a share—only to be indignantly refused—Caleb applied himself to the task of doubling his father's wealth.

All these things went through his brain as he sat by his fire. Of a sudden a thought struck him.

"I will go and parade my wealth before them—will make the wife bitterly envious and Jack sorry that he ever refused me!"

With this amiable intention he rose, ordered his automobile to be brought out, and was soon whirling toward Jack's home.

Suddenly the auto stopped, and he got out, telling the chauffeur to return in an hour, not longer.

"If I am finished before, I can spend the time somehow," he thought.

Up the steps of the great apartment he went until he came to a door labeled 42. Then he knocked, and getting no answer, entered very quietly finding the door not locked.

He looked round the tiny hall, and then stepped into the first room.

"Are you Santa Claus?"

The timid little query stopped him in his wanderings, and he looked down to his feet to see a sunny-haired, blue-eyed little mite gravely regarding him.

"But no, you can't be Santa Claus. For he's ever so old, and has got a white beard and a long coat, and a big bag full of toys, and comes down the chimney, and doesn't come till after I've gone to bed, and—"

She paused in her list of details for want of breath, and the first time for many years, Churton laughed heartily.

"You queer little mite," he said, "I'm not Santy. Who are you?"

"I'm Gladys Churton, and I'm not queer. I'm very well, thank you."

"So you are Gladys," he said. "Where are your father and mother?"

"They've gone out to buy some things for me, and they told me to be ever so good. They will be back soon."

Churton looked around him. It was so pleasant, so happy, evidently, and the home he had left seemed to lack a great deal.

"What's the matter, strange man?"

"Nothing, dear."

"But there must be something. I always go like that when I want a doll, and mamma won't buy it for me. Is your little girl naughty?"

"I haven't got a little girl."

"Poor strange man!" with a clouding of her sunny face. Then, suddenly,

ly, "look out, here comes mamma and dad! Let's hide."

"All right, dear, tell me where."

Hastily she drew him behind a curtain, and followed.

"Where's my girlie?" In a clear, happy voice.

The mite ran out and struggled in her mother's arms.

"You don't know who else is here," she said importantly. "There's a strange man, and—poor dear!—he hasn't got a little girl, and he isn't happy."

She ran back to the curtain and dragged out a somewhat dusty, shamed-looking individual.

"I came to see you—felt a bit lonely—Hing it all! Jack, I want a taste of home life, and escape from the eternal accounts. No," as the clear, blue eyes of the baby were fixed on him, "that's a lie. I came here to show off my wealth, and to make you envious; but your little ray of sunshine here took the conceit out of me. Hang it, man, take me in, for pity's sake, and let me be human this Christmas-tide. The money can go. I must stay here."

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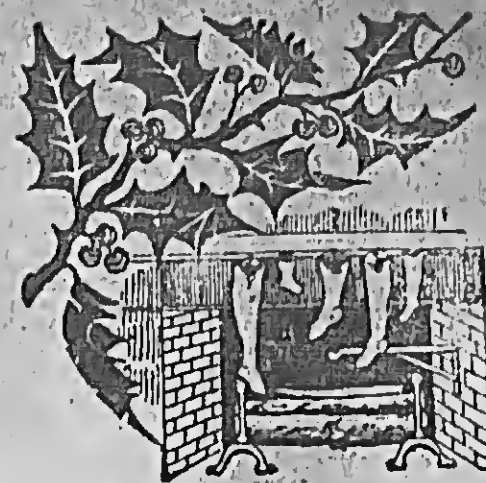
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1914

CHRISTMAS DAY



1914

WILLIAMS BRO'S.

ANTIOCH DEPARTMENT STORE

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Invite you to make your selection for Holdiday Presents from these large variety of seasonable goods. We have almost any article suitable for an acceptable present to the little folks, the young people or growups. Contributing to their amusement, their entertainment or their comfort.

It will be easy to obtain here almost any article needed to make a complete Christmas or New Year's Dinner.

Thanking the people of Antioch and vicinity as well as our Chicago friends who have enabled us to complete the heaviest year's business, we have ever done. That you may all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with a continuance of health, wealth and prosperity, is the wishes of

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WILLIAMS BROS'. ANTIOCH STORE (INCORPORATED)

NEW YEAR'S DAY

1915

1915



Author of
"A House-Boat on the Styx,"
"The Idiot," etc.

pretty soon you'll take me
blowing

4. **RECEIPT FOR PAYMENT**



It Would Be Useless to Dwell Upon
the Reflections of Mr. Sidney Pay-
son.



His Mother Had Left Him There In
the Toy-Shop.

A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a textured surface, possibly a wall or ceiling. The surface has a mottled, grainy appearance with various shades of gray. In the foreground, there is a dark, irregular shape that looks like a shadow or a piece of material. The overall image is somewhat blurry and has a high-contrast, grainy quality.

[illegible]

to dwell upon
r. Sidney Payson
ee letters.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

To Everybody

TED LENORE

Antioch Furniture and
Music Store

Christmas Buying at Battershall's Grayslake Department Store

We are able to offer a very choice selection of gift merchandise in fact better than ever before and at prices ridiculously low. Our stock is replete of toys, games, sleds, rockers, chairs, dolls in character and otherwise in fact every make up of the up-to-date doll assortment, mechanical toys, steam engines, tree ornaments, decorated china, jewelry, silverware sterling silver, men's neckwear and suspenders in Christmas gift boxes 25c up. Ladies neckwear, corsage bows in neat boxes 25c up. Beautiful central draft decorated parlor lamps. A fine selection of linens and embroidered spreads. Below we quote a few special prices selected from a few departments of our store:

We wish to call special attention to our handkerchief stock which was purchased at a very opportune time at about 50 cents on the dollar and we are selling them accordingly.

DRY GOODS

Standard prints including light grounds	
Greys, Indigo Blues, and Black and white yd	.43
6 spools Coats thread	.26
2 packages Safety Pins	.08
Dollar Quality 36 inch black silk messaline	.85
85 cent 36 in. black silk messaline yard	.70
12 1/2 cent French dress gingham, yard	.10
9-1 Bleached sheeting	.23
Yard wide Lonsdale bleached sheeting, yd.	.08
Ladies silk hose, 2 pair in box, pair	.50

BOOKS

Henty books, for boys, cloth bound	.20
Alger's books, for boys, cloth bound	.20
Motor books, for boys, cloth bound	.26
Five Little Peppers, and how they Grew	.30
Helen's Babies	.25
Popular Copyrights, about 200 titles	.50
Wizard of Oz	.80

GROCERIES

20 lbs. Granulated Sugar	1.00
10 bars Lenox soap	.25
3 lbs Bulk starch	.10
3 lbs Pulverized sugar	.28
Richieu Seed raisins, pound	.08
Fancy cleaned currants, pound	.08
Baker's Premium chocolate, pound	.30
8 packages yeast foam	.10
Gallon can pie apples	.28
3 large cans tomatoes	.25

4 cans Standard corn	.26
No. 2, cans Armour's pork and beans	.10
Full cream cheese, pound	.18
Large size Kellogg's corn flakes pkg	.10
3 pkgs pancake flour	.26
4 pkgs Veribest mince meat	.25
Shredded coconut, pound	.15
Kerosene, 5 gallon lots	.35
4 no. 2, lamp chimneys	.25
4 Cold Blast lantern globes	.25
Large Cold Blast lanterns	.59
5 lbs Arbuckles Ariosa Coffee	1.00
49 lb. sack best flour	1.80
4 lbs good roast coffee	.50
4 tins Frazier axel grease	.25
Armour's Glendale butterine	.21
Armour's Buttercup butterine	.18
2 1/2 lb. sacks rye flour	.65
2 pkgs Cream of Wheat	.25

CANDIES, NUTS, & ETC.

Broken mixed candy, lb	.08
Mixed nuts, new crop, lb	.10
Carmels, lb	.08
Pennut brittle	.10
Chocolate dipped carmels, lb	.16
Fancy chocolate creams, lb	.18
Brazil nuts (nigger toes) lb	.12
Filberts	.16
4 quarts cranberries	.25
Oranges, per dozen	.12

BATTERSHALL'S

Department Store.

Grayslake, Ill.

CONRAD BROTHERS

The Antioch Electricians

Is the place to go for Christmas presents in the electrical line. We have toasters, stoves, curling irons heaters, flatirons, safety lanterns, and all kinds of electric appliances for sale. Contracting and electrical supplies. Estimates gladly furnished on all kinds of wiring on application. Don't forget the place, one door east of Kelly's Garage, Antioch. Repairing of all kinds done at reasonable prices. Come and see us about electric fixtures, we can furnish any kind and save you some money.

Merry Christmas and Happy and prosperous New Year to all.

CONRAD BROS.,

Antioch Electricians

To the People of Antioch

The past year having been one of great activity for us, I wish to thank you all for the generous support which has made it so, and also for the good will shown. Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and prosperous New Year.

C. W. HILL,

Manager of Goodrich Lumber Co.

Beautiful Christmas Gifts For All . . .



I offer you the most desirable line to choose your presents from. My carefully selected display of Holiday attractions will impress you with its worth, beauty and reasonable prices. A special feature of my stock is the opportunity for selection. In all grades I am showing the newest and best of the season. For gifts that are decidedly popular and pleasing see my line of

WATCHES - CLOCKS - JEWELRY - SILVERWARE - CHINA - CUT GLASS - NOVELTIES, ETC.

All the standard and gentlemen's



brass. 1 and 8 day clock.

makes in ladies, watches, Elgin, Hamilton, Waltham, South Bend, Ingersoll, Trenton. Ask to see the 12 size thin model watches in gold filled and leather bracelets, all the latest fancy models in ladies' watches, gold silver and

Rings
A large line of ladies' single stone rings. Signet and set rings for gentlemen. A full line of baby rings and birth stone rings.

Diamonds
Just received a fine line of diamond rings. La Valliers, earrings and scarf pins. Everything in the line of Jewelry including watch-chains, bracelets, La Valliers, lockets and charms, bar-pins, cuff buttons, rosaries, neck chains, tie-holders, stick pins, collar and cuff button sets, crosses, brooches, lapel chains, Waltham chains, gold handled pen knives, earrings, collar pins, fobs, bat pins, etc., etc. in gold and gold filled. A full line of writing paper in fancy and Christmas boxes. An electric portable lamp makes a useful Christmas present. See my line. Several different styles. See my selection of leather hand bags, party cases and music rolls.

Travelling sets consisting of writing sets, manicure sets, drinking cups etc.

CUT GLASS—A complete assortment of cut glass bowls, cream and sugar, vases, celery dishes, pickle dishes, spoon trays, plates, hair receivers and puff-boxes, bon-bon dishes, vinegar and oil bottles, fern dishes, compotes, water sets etc., etc.

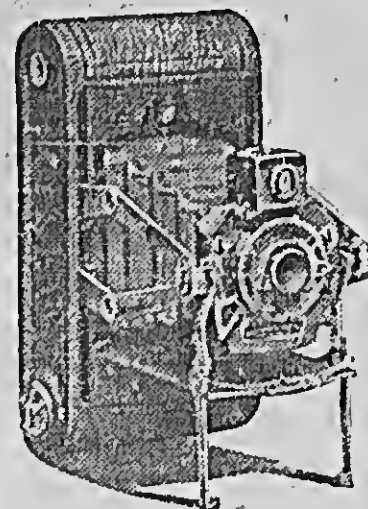
A full line of hand painted china. 100 piece dinner sets at bargain prices.

SILVER WARE—My holiday stock of silverware must be seen to be appreciated. I have a full line of cake-baskets, fruit baskets, bread-plates, tea-sets, condiment sets, knives, forks, spoons, ladles, napkin rings, etc. See my line of sterling silver novelties such as book marks, tea balls, manicure articles, cigar cutters, vanity cases, watch boxes and picture frames.

TOILET SETS—in Sterling silver, quadruple plate and French ivory.

SMOKING SETS—in china, brass, nickel and hand decorated.

A large assortment of manicure sets, shaving sets and writing sets in silver plate, sterling and French ivory.



Eastman
Kodaks and
Supplies
Nothing
Nicer Than
a
Kodak
For
Christmas

**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen**



For Christmas

Fountain pens from

\$1 to \$5

I have a large stock of Christmas New Year book-lets and cards. Xmas seals and tags. I can supply all your needs in this line. Do not fail to secure one of my beautiful art calendars for 1915.

See my show
windows for
Christmas
Suggestions

WM. KEULMAN

Jeweler and Optician.

The largest assortment of pipes, cigar and cigarette holders in town. Briar, meerschaum and bakelite pipes at bargain prices.

All sizes of
holly boxes
5c, 10c. and
15c.

Antioch, Ill.



Victor Victrolas

from \$15 to \$150

All the latest records on hand

HOLIDAY CHEER

Merry Christmas.

Happy New Year

I wish all my patrons a Merry Christmas and Happy and prosperous New Year. I also wish to thank one and all for the liberal patronage accorded me during the year and a continuance of same will be appreciated.

Below will be found a few special prices which you are invited to inspect, if you wish anything in this line:

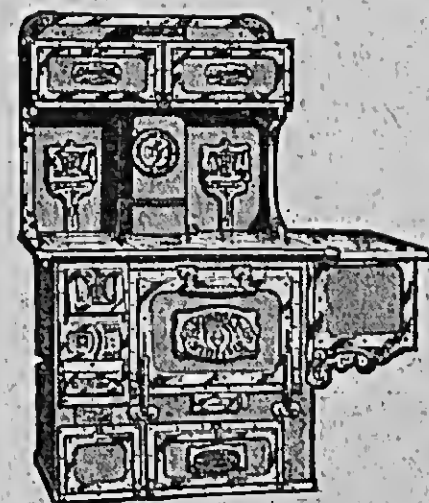


RANGES

	Former	Now
Monarch,	\$60	\$52
Columbia Jasper	50	43
Special Toledo,	38	32
Capital Toledo,	42	36
Radiant Home,	52	45
Ranger Cook,	12	9

HEATERS

	Former	Now
Columbia Art,	\$45	\$40.00
Boss Hot Blast,	25	20.50
" " "	19	15.50
" " "	16	12.50
Victor Oak,	20	16.00
Star Gem,	11	8.50



These Stoves are guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded

FRANK J. HUNT,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

ST-NICK'S GALOSHES

JANE OSBORN

ON Christmas eve, Ted Beverly received this letter from Amy Saunders—the one girl in the world, as far as Ted was concerned:

"Dear Ted: If you can manage to come on to New York for Christmas and have the courage to break the news to brother Bob, all right. I haven't even been able to explain that we are engaged, much less that we were about to be married, but as long as Meg and Bob really like you they can't object. Come in the morning if you can manage, and stop on your way from the station and ask old Doctor Good to drop in for the great event in the afternoon—that will be better than going to his house. I tried to explain to Meg, but you know how excitable she is, and with Christmas coming, and the children's presents, and getting a fake Santa Claus for them, she just hasn't time to listen, and brother Bob is such a tease I haven't the nerve to tell him."

"Great hat!" gasped Ted, jumping up from the dining table, where he had been reading his last letter from Amy over his solitary meal. Hastily paying the waiter, he darted with all speed through the hotel corridor, up to his room. He had written to Amy asking if she couldn't manage to be married during the holidays, but he hadn't supposed she would consent. Now there was no time to be lost, for New York was fourteen hours away.

Ted rang for a messenger boy, telephoned to the office, and when the messenger boy arrived was throwing his necessary belongings into a suitcase.

"Say, boy," he said to the liveried messenger, "I want you to go out and buy a—wedding ring. Tomorrow being Christmas the stores will be closed and I can't get it then. All the stores are open tonight. And bring it to the W. & P. railroad station on the eastbound platform. Here's a dollar for you if you get it there by the eight-thirty—and be sure and buy the best one the jeweler has."

"What size, sir?" asked the boy, grinning.

"That's so—they come in different sizes," responded Ted, excitedly wadding a handful of cravats into his suitcase. "Oh, medium size, any size, only hurry. And if you have time, get some jumping monkeys, and toy balloons, and tin kitchens and things—anything kids will like," he said, handing the boy two ten-dollar bills.

The next morning, after a night in a sleeping car, Ted Beverly was still breathless as he hurried—laden with half-wrapped tin kitchens and various other toys and a suitcase—from his taxi up the unpretentious brownstone front of the home of his friend Bob Saunders. Bob was Amy's brother and Amy lived with him and Bob's wife, Meg, and little Bobbie and Peggy.

Mrs. Saunders—Meg—met him at the door.

"How do you do?" she said in the most matter-of-fact tone, just as if she had seen him the day before. "Do come in out of the cold. Bob will be so glad you've come. If those perfectly lovely things are for my children do let me hide them behind the piano. Oh, by the way," she added whispering, "you have just come in time. I was almost distracted. You always were so obliging. Bob often says that there wasn't a man in college who would help a friend out of a tight place the way you would. I expected the butcher boy would do it, but he's gone to one of those awful barbecues—whatever that is—and I had offered him \$2 to do it. Now listen—Oh, here comes Amy and the children, and I told her to be sure to keep them out for two hours. I wonder why she came back so soon. Come, hurry upstairs before they see you, and bring your suitcase, please."

Ted, although he didn't know whether he was intended to get the butcher boy away from a barbecue or simply to conceal his presence from the children, followed his hostess up to a third story guest room.

"Now, I will tell you," said Meg, closing the door and looking it behind her. "See, I brought your hat and gloves because I knew the children would suspect something if they saw them. I was expecting the butcher's boy—he's just about your build—to play Santa for the children. What you have to do is to dress up in these flannels—this red suit. It's very thin. I made it myself out of red cotton flannel so I think you can slip it on right over your coat, don't you? And this false face and this nice white beard and these galoshes. They may be hard to walk in, but they look more like Santa than regular shoes. Anyway, I think they are just nice for Santa Claus."

"Is Amy well?" asked Ted rather pointlessly.

Meg simply nodded her head in the affirmative. "She's still thinking at the funny how

things come in handy, even when you don't want them at the time, isn't it? I often say—but, if you'll excuse me I'll just leave you. I've a thousand things to do and Amy said something about going away this afternoon and having to pack so she won't be able to help me at all. There are some books if you want to read. Bob won't be back till twelve. I told him he would be much more help if he wasn't in the way so he has gone off to the club to smoke. We will have the Santa appearance just before dinner. You can say that you came in the skylight because there wasn't room for your pack in the chimney and that you walked downstairs. Then you can go back and take off your disguise and go out the front door and ring the bell. The children will think you have just come. You were awfully good to offer to do this for me." Meg was unlocking the door and leaving. "You may as well smoke if you want to," she said. "I am going to have those curtains cleaned next week anyway so it doesn't matter if they do smell smoky."

"You might tell Amy that I am here," said Ted.

"Oh, she doesn't mind the smoke," replied Meg. "Besides, she almost never comes into this room."

Ted felt himself defeated.

For an hour and a half he remained in his solitary confinement and then Meg came again to see that he was properly dressed and to give him the cue for his descent.

"Wait till I get all the way down and then start," she told him.

"Does Amy know I am here?" Ted asked with unconcealed concern.

"Haven't the remotest suspicion of it," answered Meg. "I think she must be expecting someone for she has telephoned twice to the station to know whether the trains from the West were late. Yours wasn't late, was it? But I haven't said anything about your being here."

"It's hard to navigate in these old boats," said Tom from under his beard.

Meg was hanging a hugh potato bag full of toys on Ted's back. "I put the presents you brought to Bobby and Peggy in with the rest," she said. "They are really lovely. Now remember you follow as soon as I get down stairs. We will all be in the drawing room."

Ted got safely down the first flight of stairs with his heavy pack thumping on the stairs as he came. He was halfway down the last flight when he caught a glimpse of Amy's pretty forehead and golden hair. He



"I Put the Presents You Brought in With the Rest."

craned his head, eager to see more, the pack caught for a second against the banisters, he missed his footing in the awkward galoshes, and with a desperate effort to regain his balance he grasped frantically at the wallpaper. The next thing he knew he was sprawling in a confused jumble of toys and red cotton flannel and white hair and sacking at the foot of the stairs.

"Blame those galoshes!" was his first unceremonious remark as he pulled himself out of the confusion. And there stood Amy, Bob and Mrs. Meg and Bobby and Peggy—all more or less wide-eyed and incredulous.

"Santa fell downstairs; that's all. He isn't used to stairs, you know," said Meg with rare presence of mind, anxious only to preserve her children's faith in the myth of Santa Claus. She hurriedly adjusted the false face that had flopped up in the fall.

"Poor old Santa," said little Peggy, softly patting his arm, and Bobby was eagerly examining the toys that had spilled from the pack.

"Great guns, it's Ted!" began Bob in an aside, but Meg clapped her hand over his mouth.

Meantime Amy was holding a whispered conversation with the confused Santa.

"Why, these are papa's galoshes," said Bobby.

"That's not Santa, at all, anyway," said little Peggy. "It's Mr. Ted Beverly what's going to be our uncle. He's come to marry our Aunt Amy, so there, and he's just dressed up like Santa so's to fool mamma and papa. Aunt Amy told us this morning he was a-going to marry her this afternoon. Wouldn't Santa laugh if he could see him?"

(Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

by A.E. ZUCKER

AY, believe me, the fellows were glad to see me back again," said George Porter to the family at the dinner table. "Professor Parr said I looked like a college man, and all the fellows said I had changed a great deal since September."

George had just arrived a few hours before for his first vacation back from college. He had, indeed, been very anxious to get home again among his old friends. The weary hours on the train he had whiled away by telling the other boys about all the dances he was going to attend with Dorothy Smyth, "some classy girl from Bryn Mawr."

In the course of the dinner Doctor Porter could not but take down his son a little. The all-important fraternity man was roasted considerably for his overbearing manner. However, George took it all with the stoic dignity of the captain of the freshman football team. As a matter of fact, he had sunk considerably in his son's estimation.

After dinner George's older sister Mary asked him whether he was going to call up Dorothy for the Christmas dance at the Hadley's.

"Aw, pshaw, here a fellow works his head off at school," said George in his best bluff, "he comes home for a little rest, and then you expect him to dance. And half the girls at school have it on Dorothy anyhow."

"What are you going to give her for Christmas?" said Mary, hiding a smile, for she knew just how George felt about Dorothy.

"Gee, I never thought about that; and I've got ten cents to my name."

This last statement showed just how good a time he had with his fraternity brothers the last days before vacation.

"Make it C. O. D., George. Call on dad; he'll give all you'll need."

"Not on your life," came back George. "a college man must be able to shift for himself. Why, half the fellows work their way. I'll go out to earn the money myself tomorrow. Besides, I've been roasted enough."

True to his word George Porter was out early the next morning looking for remunerative toil. A window-card in a large cafeteria, "Help Wanted," arrested his attention. He strolled up to the fat proprietor, seated behind the cash register, and honored him by offering him a college man's services.

"Any experience in the kitchen?" he was asked.

In spite of the fact that the total of George's kitchen experience consisted of a few evening's fudge-making at Dorothy's, he said boldly, "I sure have."

"Where?"

This confused him a little. "Aw—er—at a friend's last winter."

"So you've been at Friend's cafe? Well, I'll take you. A dollar and a half a day and meals. Just go to the kitchen and get a white coat."

George had bluffed and he was going to make good the bluff. He rushed around at a great speed adding the soiled dishes to the kitchen. Accidentally he picked up half a piece of lemon pie the owner of which had just gone to the ice water faucet to replenish her glass. "Wait a minute with my pie, if you please," said the old maid victim of George's zeal. "No, I won't take anything back out of the mess on your tray, either. You go and get me another at your expense."

The hero of many a football battle here showed a yellow streak. He bought the pie for the injured guest. Probably due to his anger over "the old hen" he next scattered the silver all over the floor. Without the least thought of sanitation he replaced it on the stand. Suddenly the boss told him to carry all the silver to the kitchen to have it washed. Here the angry Irish cook gave him a hot reception. "Why didn't you just take it to the kitchen and back. The guests would have thought it was clean, but now they kicked to the boss. Tako a boy, he has no idea of cleanliness."

Christmas shoppers coming into the cafeteria reminded George of his gift. One dollar-fifty was not much, but he would not ask dad for more under any consideration. Finally he decided on something that has been the last resource of many a young man—a box of candy.

A whole day with soiled dishes, half-consumed food, and scolding was bad enough, but the worst came when two of George's pals came in during the afternoon. Like a maiden surprised at her dip in the spring, George went into hiding. The manager happened to see him ducking behind the counter, and asked him, "What's that?"

"Pat, don't let them see me!" said George.

"Who? Are the police after ya?" said the manager and grabbed him by the collar.

This was too much for George. He bowed over the manager and rushed

into the kitchen. His friends laughed and thought their part.

The manager followed George. "Hm," he sneered. "Some of your friends from the swell side of the fence. Well, Archibald, you can hide your pretty face in the kitchen after this. Just go and work the dishwasher."

George never had been so mad in his life. He would have "busted the fathead's head," but for Dorothy's sake he stayed. Besides he was no quitter, but worked like a hero at whatever work he had set out to do. No Satan in the inferno could have felt more anxious at the sinners he was immersing in the fiery pools than George did toward the innocent dishes of which he immersed bucket after bucket in the patent dish-washer to the impatient shouts of the girls. "Shoot more dishes, Archibald!"

Finally at six o'clock, tired and averted, George left the place. He felt just a bit doubtful about his chances. "What would she say?"

When George was about to leave Dorothy at the door of the Smyth mansion after the dance on Christmas night, she turned to him to say, "Of all my presents I liked your box of candy best. It was the sweetest thing. And Donald says he saw you working for it. You shouldn't go to so much trouble just for me, George."

"Trouble, Dorothy? Don't mention it." And with somewhat of an effort



"I Sure Have."

he added, "I had lots of fun; besides, I was working for you."

Dorothy's head sank just a little lower.

"Dorothy," said George, softly, "couldn't I work for you all my life?"

George placed his hands on Dorothy's fur cap and pressed back gently. Her head rose slowly and their lips met for one long second.

Then George fastened his fraternity pin on her gown, the emblem which the rules permitted to be given only to "flancees and wives."

(Copyright, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Spell of Christmas.

Once more, we are under the spell of Christmas. We cannot be sour or irritable or pessimistic, do our utmost. We have been subjected to a shower bath of gladness; kind thoughts are circulating with fullness and vigor through all the avenues of the mind; we are elated, even jubilant, ready for laughter and tears, sympathetic with the children in their glee, tender toward the poor and forlorn, strange access to life's best memories, reverent toward religious faith, and almost willing to go to church. All this may seem to our pagan mind as foolish as a revival of religion, something inconsistent with proper economic austerity, a senseless revel of humanity at the expense of the moods, habits, and rules of solid business. Nevertheless, here we are, pounded into submission and sympathy, overcome for a few hours or days by the tides of an ideal existence."

George A. Gordon, in Atlantic Monthly.

Would Spoil the Show.

"I is grieved to see disheveled feeling of selfishness cropping out in our preparations for the Christmas celebration," said Parson Snowball. "Bruder Bettlege, who insists on being Santa on the 'casion, is er good man, en er true one, but lan, askal he oughter know dat troo wif dem bow legs of his, dey ain't a child in dis church whut gwine b'lieve he ovah said 'troo any chimbley wif sech er handicap. No, sah. Hit des gwine spoil all de romance er de 'fair, an' I grooves ter see Bruder Bettlege actin' de hawg, des 'case he got de on'y Santa Claus suit in de con'gation."

What Interested Him.

Mr. Skilgus—I hear that Professor Wiseman, the prophet, has decided that the world will come to an end next Christmas day."

Tommy Skilgus—Before or after dinner, pa?

Why He Changed.

Madge—I thought you and George were going skating.

Marjorie—So we were, but when he saw I had my hat trimmed with white tulle he asked me to go for a sleigh ride.

The Major's Christmas

By Martha Pattie

THE major felt a vague sense of personal grievance. It was Christmas morning. Everything was most agreeable at the hotel. As he had distributed his customary gold pieces to the "bells," the telephone girls, the check-room boys, his waiter and the head waiter, and the chambermaid on his floor, he felt oddly disturbed.

"Carter, my boy," he told the tall, gray-haired image in the mirror. "You're getting sentimental. You're thoroughly disappointed because there isn't a soul in the world who can call out a 'Merry Christmas' to you, and mean it from the bottom of his heart. You're like a boy with nothing in his stocking. I'm ashamed of you, sir; I am indeed."

Yet that didn't help matters. He wandered around the deserted hotel corridors in the morning feeling utterly lost. Nearly every one seemed to be going out to dinner to some place where he was urgently desired. Four times he strolled over to the desk and looked casually up at his box, but there were no mail and no presents for Maj. Robert Lee Carter.

The last time he had really decided to give up and ring up some business associate to take dinner with him at the hotel. But he saw a letter in his box, and the clerk handed him a curiously shaped parcel, rather bulky and oval. He took it up to his own room, and opened it with a funny little thrill of anticipation.

By George, he was wrong. There was somebody, he didn't know who it was, but there was somebody who had remembered him. The last wrapper fell off, and he stood staring down at a little homemade willow basket, filled with mistletoe. A card on top read, "Love and Merry Christmas from Pam."

Pam? He remembered no Pam. He opened the letter for enlightenment, and as he read, his heavy gray eyebrows drew closer together, and every now and then he chuckled. "God bless my heart and soul!"

"You won't remember me at all, but I'm Pamela Grayson, and my mother was your sister's daughter, so I'm your grandniece, see? Mother died about a year ago, just after we came north, and I have been here alone ever since. I didn't even know you were alive until cousin Florrie, of Carter's Landing, down home, wrote and told me to share this mistletoe with you, for she had gathered it in the old oak grove where you used to go when you were a little boy. Here's wishing you a merry, merry Christmas, and I wish I knew you, because it does certainly get fearfully lonesome here in New York holiday time when you haven't any one of your very own."

The telephone bell rang sharply just as the major was about to say "God bless my heart and soul" once again. But he lifted the receiver, and smiled at the voice that answered his hail.

"Delighted, Ralph, delighted, my boy, but you see, I am going to have a young lady guest here to dinner with me, my grandniece, sir, from Virginia. Now, instead of my joining you in your bachelor apartments, supposing you join us, and try and compensate to her for having a surely old chap for a dinner partner. Name's Miss Pamela Grayson. Come right down."

Then he smiled and kept on smiling in the oddest, happiest way. And he leaned back in his deep leather chair, and lit a cigar, and watched the smoke rings form overhead, and smiled up at them. He had four sisters. Pam's grandmother had been the youngest. And now somehow, they were all gone, as he thought, "the way of the roses," and he was alone. He had rather lost track of all the nieces and nephews and grandnieces and grandnephews. Sentiment does not thrive in the New York atmosphere, yet as he looked at the letter, he felt an odd glow of pride, and he held the little basket of mistletoe out at arm's length, smiling retrospectively. Many a time he had gone up to the old oak grove to gather it for his mother to decorate the great hall at Christmas. And now this little Pam—

The major rose suddenly with quick intention. Five minutes later he was on his way up to the address in the letter. Upstairs two flights he climbed, mid-tapped at the low top door with its modest card:

"Pamela Grayson."

She stood at the easel with her back to him, a big blue apron on, and she was singing.

"Oh, holy town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie, Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by."

The major stood at attention, but when she turned and caught sight of him, she gave a little cry of joy.

"Uncle Bob! How did you come so soon to me?"

Eh, but she was bonnie, though the major approvingly; very much like her grandmother in her girlhood, soft brown bands of hair around her small head, and wistful childish gray eyes. It took him about ten minutes to coax her into a "real" dress, as she said, and down into the waiting taxi.

And how fast she talked. There were years to catch up, she told him, and as long as there was only the two of them left in New York to uphold the pride of the Carters—

"There's eno more, child," warned the major. "But he is very distantly connected, very. He is about your nineteenth cousin, but he is to dine with us, Ralph Carter."

Pam sat very still, and did not speak, looking straight ahead of her.

"Ever hear of him?" asked the major.

"I just love his shadow," said Pam solemnly. "It's the same one. I've tried and tried to paint pictures that would sell, and finally I coaxed an old dealer on the avenue to let one of my Virginia gardens stand in his window awhile. You know Aunt Annabell's rose garden with the sun dial, and the old white conch house in the back? Well, it was snapped up by a Mr. Ralph Carter. And he wanted to know if I had more Virginia scenes. So I sent down the oak grove at sundown along in November, with a big orange harvest moon stealing over the edge of the hill, and he bought that. And now I'm painting the old flagged walk under the grape arbor, with it all sunshiny, and Mammy Martha Ann coming along from the outdoor kitchen with a big covered platter of fried chicken, and he's going to take that."

The major leaned back his head, laughing and shaking with pure enjoyment. Up on the Hudson, at Hastings, stood Ralph Carter's bachelor home, and he had made it almost a replica of the old one in Virginia.



She Stood at the Easel With Her Back to Him.

Successfully in every way in New York, he had clung to the old south traditions almost fiercely, this lean, clear-eyed lawyer.

"And so he's been hanging pictures all over his walls," aimed the major. "God bless my heart and soul, child. This is certainly merry Christmas for us all."

Pam was rather grave, but as they went through the spiral red and gold corridors of the hotel, the dinner was to be very private up in the major's room and she wondered what that important cousin would be like.

He was all she had wanted him to be. Even Pam could find no fault as she sat next to him at the round table. And oh, after years of hilly strivings among strangers, how made her cheeks glow and her heart beat to hear these two, the splendid old major and Ralph, vie with each other in their delightful courtesy and compliments.

"You don't know how good it is to find some one of your very own," she said, when the major had gone out after the dinner was over.

"Don't!" said Ralph, sitting down at her. "I've put in about fourteen years up here, and only the major to give me a cousinly getting together and then: I'm mighty glad to have another one, even if she's a nineteenth one. The major is the one's going to take a house if you and himself."

"Why?" Pam caught her breath quickly. "I didn't know that."

"So I will see a great deal of you, I hope."

He stopped and looked into her eyes. Someway they wanted her his gaze. The major's voice had been them.

"God bless my heart and soul, I can't you see she's under the mistletoe. I hung it there on purpose."

Ralph stooped, and pressed a kiss on the warm, half-averted pink cheek while the major drank their health.

"And to our next Christmas together, the little Pam, and you boy, and this old chap who'll be lonely again."

"To next Christmas," said Ralph. "Will you kiss me, Pam?"

But Pam's eyes only shot her happiness, and very demurely, she answered the toast:

"To next Christmas!"

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LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Elg Butter Report

ILGIN, Jan. 22.—The Committee declared...

We were with Happy New Year. Went Wednesday in...

Geo. ... a few days in Wau...

Walter ... and family...

Mr. ... Alvers and family...

Harry ... wife of Chicago...

Miss ... of Fond du Lac...

Mrs. ... of Chicago spent...

Sheep ... of short, at...

Dr. ... and Optometrist...

John ... "The Sky Mon..."

... at this place...

... at Gibson City...

... immediately...

... ago the two...

... from a low...

... the parents...

... a second...

... the occurrence...

... a physician in...

... that one bone...

... items. If you...

... friends or go...

... and tell us...

Born to, and Mrs. Lew VanPat...

Walter Taylor of Wadegan spent...

"The Sklonster" in four parts at...

Mr. and Mrs. Farnum and daughter...

Mrs. Kelz and two youngest chil...

Ellsworth Shannon of Tusahoma...

The Ladys Aid society will hold...

Frank Hit has just received a fine...

Everything in the footwear line at...

To members of Irvin Dist. Court No...

It has been decided to postpone meeting...

The thirteenth of the Entertainm...

Miss Ev Sorenson, who has been...

... suffering from an attack of app...

... the Wesley hospital...

... an operation. Word was received...

... the same day that she had st...

Of late we have been receiving...

... Chicago papers of various...

... that city leaving the in...

... Michigan in order to take a...

... into its wads. But they...

... much ahead of Antioch at...

... Rosenfeld doing his...

... home villa in the for...

... him if the waters of Ch...

... cold on 11 morning...

... December...

Gus Smith of Chicago...

Don't fail to hear...

quartet at M. E....

ning, Jan. 5...

Mackinaw...

Webb's...

Harold Will...

go spent the...

with the former...

Ruth and Vera K...

few friends at the...

ternoon in honor...

A good time was...

Lotus Camp...

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Refreshment...

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BERG'S
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Your Rail Ro
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50 Miles Will
Refunded on P
chase of \$15 or o

AL SALE

THE ANTIOCH

VOL. XXVIII.

ANTIOCH, Jan. 22, 1914.

ATTACK
KILLING
OF CATTLE

Directors of Milk Producers'
Association Warn of Danger
to Milk Supply

LEVY TAX TO HELP FARMER

Twenty-five Cents per Cow to Be Col-
lected—Big Meeting Held and Two
Directors from Lake Appointed

The directors of the Milk Producers' association at a meeting at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, a few days ago devoted much time to the foot and mouth disease among cattle and hogs and severely criticised the present methods of handling the animals of the herds infected.

It was the unanimous opinion of the directors that the present plans of the government and the several states of exterminating entire herds where but a very few of the animals were affected were a great waste of beef and was entirely useless.

According to statements from herd owners in England, Belgium, France and Germany there is practically no slaughter of animals on account of the disease in those countries.

The sentiment expressed to the directors by cattlemen, as reported at the meeting was that there had been hundreds of thousands of dollars wasted in the slaughter of cattle in this section and that not only a great shortage of beef, but a scarcity of milk could be the result if continued.

MRS. AND MRS.
GIDEON THAYER
RECEIVE SHOWER

The following letter received from Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thayer who are spending this winter at Chetek, Wis., fully explains itself. We give print it in full as it will probably interest many of our readers:

Chetek, Wis.
Dec. 29, 1914.

We are having a very pleasant time up here in northern Wisconsin. We had a family reunion Xmas at F. H. Hembrook's, where a large tree was laden with gifts from Santa.

Among the many surprises we received a box marked from Antioch friends. Upon opening same we found cards of various kinds from friends, neighbors, relatives and old mates, over thirty in all.

The shower was thoroughly enjoyed and we wish to thank our friends through the columns of "The News" for helping to make a Xmas for us. Wishing you and prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. G.

Young Couple Married

In a Chicago paper of last week there appeared license of John R. Good...

... the following friends here at Antioch...

... united in marriage...

... 22, by Rev. H. ...

... Lake Michigan...

CAT'S HUNT

After Much Pleading,
Who Gets Legacy
Relative in
Ireland.

Chetek, Wis.
Dec. 29, 1914.

To a little seven-line story in the girl's life ceased. For ten years she lived as the child of the Morrisons.

Last winter Rev. Bishop Bernard Coyne of Elphinstown, Ireland, an uncle of Lillian, started steps to find her. The girl was named by another uncle in his will.

Bishop Coyne wrote to Father Cody of Newark, N. J., who in turn wrote to Rev. J. J. Morrissey of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Chicago, asking aid in finding the girl.

Father Morrissey went to John J. Halpin, at that time chief of detectives. He placed the case in Mr. Clement's hands, who told a reporter about it.

Another Uncle Sees Story.
"That story is responsible for the finding of Lillian," said Mrs. Clement.

"An uncle by the name of Oscar Busch read the story and called me up. He said the girl had been adopted by the Morrisons, who since had moved to Key West. I traced them down there, only to learn that they had moved back to Chicago."

I renewed the search here among railroad men because Mr. Morris is an engineer. I learned that he had coal mine in Rosedale, Ind. When I went there...

... was not in the town...

... then...

Warner's
Safe Remedy

for
Kidneys and Liver

has been a standard medicine since 1877. It has brought relief to many who have suffered with severe kidney and liver complaints and were ready to give up in despair.

Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00, at your druggists, or direct, post-paid on receipt of price.

Write for Booklet.
Warner's Safe Remedies Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

His Own Fault.

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."—Houston Post.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA
TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also cures dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyothe's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of the famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Adv.

Ina and Outs.

... with our club."

THE OTHER REASON

By ROSE ALLACE.

Copyright, 1914, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Wanda sat on the edge of a stream, all of crisp green bushes of w...

... across the first...

... George Mad...

... he had come...

... away from...

... sister's many...

... cterling girl...

... leads, who...

... ed always to...

... occupy a...

... and lawn...

... at the pergola...

SYNOPSIS.

Pedro and the dancing bear, Mr. Jones, prevent a tramp from stealing a young lady's purse. Pedro's ambition to become a painter spurs him to quit Old Nita and the strolling bear dancers. Pedro, Old Nita and the bear trainers start for New York. Pedro paints a portrait for a lunch-wagon man and so earns a meal for the company.

CHAPTER III.

A Loss and a Find.

"I am sure that there must be color in our souls," said Iris Vanderpool. "At this moment," replied Mr. Samuel Hill, "my soul is the exact hue of tea with lemon in it, shading off to the color of a jam sandwich."

With a petulant little gesture, Iris turned from the window out of which she had been gazing at the slowly darkening city.

"You always spoil my best ideas!" she said. "Why can't you reply sympathetically? But you shall have tea, of course."

As she crossed over to seat herself beside him, he noted the shade that clouded her eyes. She settled herself in her corner of the sofa and he leaned over, taking both her hands to his.

"You mustn't be cross," he said, tenderly.

"I think you owe it to me to be a little more—more romantic! Not that is a poor word to express my meaning. A little more poetical. Why, you don't even look like an artist any more!"

"Don't it?" said he, slowly rising and regarding himself in a mirror opposite.

"Iris," said he after a moment of silent inspection, "must a fellow really have long hair in order to be a good painter, do you think?"

"Don't be absurd!" she answered; "it isn't that, of course! But it is something deeper, something more important, far. Why, if I did not see the lovely things you do with your brush, I could not believe you were an artist. You never give out your temperament in any other way, and I am hungry for it."

"For what?" he asked. "A lot of silly talk about the color of your soul? Lord! girlie, can't you learn to live those things instead of talking about them? Can't you see that they lose in value if expressed in any but the highest way? One has to keep one's mouth shut in order that all the strength be left for one's hand."

"And apply none of it to daily life?" she cried.

"Live it; don't apply it," he answered dryly.

"One grows by expression!" she declared; "by expression of every sort. My father's friends, lots of the people who come here, are living splendidly inside themselves, and they give it out, and consequently they are interesting. When I became engaged to

thought I was going to have the sort of intercourse, only intensified. But you are not what I thought were, and my soul is unsatisfied."

"Look here, dearest," said he lightly, "it goes for me the first day you come. It's a long while—two or three weeks—since we have been together, and here we go, off the handle, first thing. Let's cut it out, and be sweet to each other instead. Tell me about the last couple of weeks. You're not a very satisfactory correspondent, you know. What did you do at the farm?"

"I walked, and rode horseback, as usual," she replied. "There was time for once for me to learn to know myself; to commune with my inner consciousness. I read Swinburns. Do you know, I think his aura must have been blue, like mine?"

Sam Hill helped himself to a fifth jam sandwich before replying.

"That must have been great; especially the riding," he exclaimed. "And that reminds me, Iris, there is a wonderful horse at the Winter garden. I'll take seats for tomorrow, if you say so. You'll like it, I'm sure. There are some bully acrobats, too."

With the air of a tragedy queen Miss Vanderpool arose and swept to the center of the room, her gray gown colling about her feet like clouds of smoke. Very young she looked, and quite like a child dressed up and acting a play. But to her own mind, she was a woman hurt in her sensitive soul. Withal, she had a certain dignity despite her youth, consequent, perhaps, on the position which had been hers since the death of the mother she could scarcely remember.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" cried Hill, admiring her immensely, unexpectably.

"Matter?" she cried tragically; "you ask me that? I tell you that my soul is hungry—starved! and you retort with an invitation to a music-hall! It is unthinkable! How can you? You have no sympathy, no understanding. I hate you. There!"

She turned from him abruptly.

"Iris!" he cried, springing to her side and putting his arm about her. "You must not say such things, you silly child. When I leave my work I want to play—just to play like a child—and a trained horse amuses me; frankly and truly, I do like it. You hardly ever laugh for sheer merriment. It's most neurotic, I'm darned if it isn't!"

"I'm not a silly child," cried Iris hotly, disengaging herself from his embrace. "I'm not neurotic! My soul is torn."

"Oh, marry me right away, and let your soul go hang!" exclaimed Hill. "All you need is a taste of life! Honestly I understand about this feeling of yours, dear. Believe me, work and living in earnest are the answers and the cure."

"You don't understand!" she cried; "every word you utter makes that

plainer. You never have any great emotional experiences—at least, that I can see—and so, of course, you can't recognize them as real in others. You may be an artist on canvas, but you are not an artist of life, and that is far more important! I suppose you will go on leading your ordered existence forever. I shall stifle if I have to share it! And I thought you were a romantic figure. Why, you work as regularly as any business man, and as hard!"

"A curious complaint," said he, the half-smile dying upon his lips. "You know little, dear, of life, or you would not talk like this. Control is the password to success. It is a bitter fact, perhaps, but one we all have to learn."

"That is a theory which I do not intend to live by," she said rather breathlessly.

"How am I to take that?" said the man.

"As you see fit," she replied. "I mean to live by expression. I used to think that you did so. You have changed."

"For your sake!" he expostulated, suddenly angry. "If I have whipped myself into some semblance of a human being, it has been—I was going to say, for you; but it is more than that. It has been for the work's own sake. And now you are ready to repudiate me because of that very accomplishment. You are unfair, unreasonable."

"Oh, don't be so logical, or I shall go mad!" she cried. "I hate your reasonableness!"

"Very well, then," said he, trying to smile, "I'll be unreasonable."

"And don't be facetious! Oh, go away, I can't endure you!"

"Look here, Iris," he said hoarsely, "I'm not joking. God forbid! This is getting too serious. Am I really to go?"

"Or let your spirit out of its cage," she said.

For the third time Hill committed his greatest mistake.

"You are a foolish child!" he said angrily. "Very well, then, I'll go. But I warn you, if you send me off, I'll not come back."

For a moment he waited, hoping that she would speak, but she said nothing, merely standing there and trembling a little, though white and as silent. Suddenly Hill turned on his heel.

"Confound all women!" he muttered, and without a single backward glance flung himself out of the room in a fury.

For a moment or two longer she stood motionless, and then throwing her arms out wildly, she cried his name aloud.

"Oh, Sam!" she called, "come back—please come back!"

Running out into the upper hall, she arrived at the stair-head just in time to hear the front door close after him, and was instantly obliged to flee the mildly inquiring gaze of a footman, who came in to remove the tea tray.

When he was gone, however, she cast herself face downward among the gray cushions of the sofa and cried bitterly, a cold horror clutching at her heart as she slowly came to see the reality of what she had done.

For Hill had spoken the truth when he implied that she was merely a child bored with luxurious surroundings and striving after she knew not what. Her father adored her, and gave her absolute liberty. The people whom she knew by inheritance meant little to her; she found them introspective, self-absorbed, and amateurs at the arts they affected, many of them simply hangers-on of her beauty-loving father, who with the years had become less the man of affairs and more the man of letters and patron of the arts. As she grew up her discontent increased, until finally, within the last two years, she had stumbled upon a group of people with whom brains meant aristocracy. Here she had met Hill, and after about a year he had persuaded her to become engaged to him. She had consented on condition that it remain a secret for the time being. There had been no reason for concealment but the girl's innate love of romance and mystification. And so no one had been told of the engagement, although it was a well-known and widely discussed subject among their friends.

And it was all over! Well, possibly it was for the best.

She buried her face deeper in the oathetic gray cushions. Her soul must have expression! It must!

Desperately unhappy, but not without a certain enjoyment of her own misery, she arose with the determination to find her father, and extract what comfort she could from him, without telling him her trouble. Perhaps he was in his library now. She would go and see. Slowly she descended the wide stairs. At the street entrance stood her father, evidently on the point of leaving the house.

Vanderpool was a handsome man, and had retained an intangible atmosphere of youth, despite the responsibilities of his wealth, and despite the obvious fact that he had lived in

tensely in the emotional side of his nature.

"Hello, little Iris!" he said. "You seem a bit pale, my dear! Were you looking for me?"

"You, father!" replied Iris, "but I— you are going out, I see, so—"

"I've on appointment that is rather pressing," said he, a little anxious pucker gathering between his eyes, "but if your business can't wait, mine will have to."

"Oh! mine is nothing, nothing!" said Iris, with what seemed to her divine submission to fate.

"Then we'll have a fine talk at breakfast," returned her father. "I'm dining out. Good-night, my dear!"

The door closed behind him, and Iris turned into the library.

The room spoke strongly of her father. It was large and fine and romantic, like him; it was dignified, too, containing several almost priceless treasures. But perhaps the most unique feature of the apartment was the great, low desk. It was a Flemish piece, unusual in shape and construction, and covered with a multitude of intricate ornaments, carved deep into its heavy surface.

Vanderpool had never been a very light-hearted person, but he had a subtle charm which was more fascinating than any gaiety could be, and his rare smile was a thing to be remembered. Of her mother Iris had no recollection, but from her earliest childhood she had seen her father as an individual, instead of merely as "father," a being from whom came the luxuries of material existence; and she had always adored him. There was a cloud over his existence, she knew, and she assumed it to be the loss of her mother. But this explanation was not sufficient to account for the depression which had come upon him lately. What could the trouble be? Had it to do with those letters which came by registered mail, with foreign stamps, some of which the tramp by the wayside at Stamford had so nearly stolen from her? Stamford! If only she had stayed in the free, innocent air of the country, among the green maples, where troubles slipped from one so easily. Her thoughts flew to her erstwhile lover, and bitter regret welled up afresh in her heart.

"Oh, Sam!" she called aloud, and cast herself across the deskboard, grasping the carvings, opposite with agonized white fingers.

Then suddenly an utterly unexpected, astonishing thing happened. The carved ornament beneath her right hand flew outward with a spring. Iris raised her tear-stained face in amazement, and there before her lay open a secret compartment, responsive to her unwitting touch. It was a shallow drawer, about six by ten inches in diameter, and was filled with papers, written out in Spanish (to her an unintelligible language), the script being that fine, close one of which she had just been thinking. There were a number of these, but, stranger still, on top of them lay a miniature in a frame of brilliant. At this she stared long, with fascinated, incredulous eyes, for the face was that of the youth who had sung before the collier's shop; the youth who, with his bear, had saved her from the tramp; the youth who, later, she had watched pain the wagon in the grimy suburban square!

CHAPTER IV.

That Which Is No Robber.

Meanwhile Sam Hill had dug himself into the street, and into a cab which was the reverse of visible. Reason was suddenly visible. The arguments which he advanced to Iris but a moment now faltered him, and his own long, overwhelming thought was that he had lost her.

It had all happened so suddenly the shock left him gasping. For she had never really cared for him, he thought, for had she been in love with him she could have dismissed him on so flimsy pretext.

While this passed through his mind he had been walking rapidly, and a few moments, coming upon a square, he flung himself against one of the benches near the stretching his legs out straight in front of him, folding his arms and frowning under the tilted hat, he sat moodily staring at the ground.

Darkness had not quite fallen, and all about him poured the ward-bound crowds from the shops, factories and the ceaseless stream, varied of the earth.

Quieter and yet more crowded the square. At this time were eating in their wickered food in luxury the northwest, where a flare of middle-class life was against the darkness, hung the indefinite spirit of the city, fraught with the civilization.

The Impossible

By NINA WILCOX PUGH

(Copyright by Dobbs-Merrill Co.)

And Sam Hill sat upon the scene.

"Oh, the wonder of it!" he exclaimed, his voice at his elbow.

With an effort Hill the aching trouble in his mind, painfully at the return of his own person, spoke to him?

fancy, perhaps! Suddenly cool and damp and unmitigated thrust itself into the room, his hand, causing him to shudder. Then the cool thing shot forward, his hand upon a rough, fur. An animal! What could it be?

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, in the darkness he crouched a shapeless mass, grunted softly.

"It's only Mr. Jones," said the animal that had spoken before. "He's only my bear!"

Then Sam Hill realized that the creature at which he was staring, the dimness was a small bear, which was attached a chain to the clanked upon the asphalt walk.

"Mr. Jones, is it?" snapped Hill. "And who the devil are you?"

"I am Pedro," replied the animal's custodian. And even in the gloom Hill could see the white gleam of a smile. The slender figure straightened up on the bench beside him.

"What Pedro? Pedro who?" demanded Hill, interested in spite of himself.

"Only just Pedro," came the answer. Then followed a laugh—a wonderful, rippling laugh, ending abruptly, as though a door had been closed upon music.

"Well, Pedro, whoever you are," replied Hill, "you seem to be in as ill straits as myself, else you would not be sitting in the square at such an hour."

"Are you hungry, too?" Pedro inquired.

Hill laughed, a short laugh, not so pleasant to hear as the other's.

"In a way," said he.

"Ah!" said Pedro pityingly, and by the tone Hill knew that the youth had guessed at a hidden meaning in his words.

"Why do you come to the city?" asked the latter, after a pause. "You and your brotherhood usually keep to the open road."

"I come because I am an artist, and here I shall have more opportunity to paint," replied Pedro.

"You speak as though you were a genius," said Hill biting his lip.

"Perhaps I am," replied Pedro.

There was a Mr. Jones fumbled acquaintance said Pedro:

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I must go," he said.

"And you?" he asked.

"Yes," he said, "I am Pedro."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I must go," he said.

"And you?" he asked.

"Yes," he said, "I am Pedro."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I must go," he said.

"And you?" he asked.

"Yes," he said, "I am Pedro."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I must go," he said.

"And you?" he asked.

"Yes," he said, "I am Pedro."

Ready Means to Identification.
Richardson Wright recently made an appointment to meet a stranger in a Hartford hotel, and over the telephone he described himself as being a round person, with an incipient mustache. When the stranger finally found him Mr. Wright asked how he was able to recognize him so quickly. Back came the ready answer: "Looked up 'Incipient' in the dictionary."—Kansas City Star.

Study of Farming in Denmark.
For about one hundred years Denmark has had a system of agricultural apprenticeship to teach the practical side of farming. The boys serve three years on farms in different parts of the country, spending one year on each farm and receiving a small wage. They report annually to the Royal Danish Agricultural society, sending in notes on their experience, instruction and observation.

Cherish Enthusiasm.
Faithful work is possible even if enthusiasm is lacking, but no one makes a splendid success without bringing to his task ardor as well as industry. To love your work and believe in its outcome are essential to a high grade of achievement. Cherish your enthusiasm. To try to succeed without them is as foolish as to tie one hand behind your back and see what you can accomplish with the other.

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Japanese a Patient People.
Impatience among the Japanese is a thing you will rarely observe as you travel through their strange and beautiful country. If, on the other hand, you yourself, in touring Japan, might upon occasion grow somewhat impatient, you will only become the quiet laughing stock—be it said—your back—of the little Japs themselves. An hour, or even a day, more or less in this oriental country is of little account, and matters cannot be made to move any the quicker because of any irritability.

To Remove Butternut Meats Whole.
Pour hot water over the butternuts and let them stand over night. When treated in this way the nuts are much easier to crack and the meats will come out whole.

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they do say that the style in has changed. It is rumored a young lady appeared on our streets one morning this week wearing the stocking of jet black and the other brilliant red. Sure we know all about it, but we aren't going to tell. Figure it out for yourself.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Somerville entertained over Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Young from North Bay, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Strangreay of Lodi, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Johnson, Hasel and Harold Johnson of Marengo, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wells, of Hickory.

Ethel and Lucille Runyard are spending this week with relatives in this village and on Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Wm. Runyard entertained a number of their former school mates in their honor. It goes without saying that the afternoon was enjoyed to the fullest extent by all present.

Remember that the Milk Producer's Association will hold a meeting in the Woodman hall in this village Saturday afternoon of this week. This meeting will be of interest to everyone and an invitation is extended to every farmer, dairyman and cow owner as well as to others that may be interested.

"Monster" or Kidnapped our wonder reels. A time showing how a monster, shows Ger-tantian ocean, shows the new Monster Zep-war balloon Manoeuvres. the Crystal show

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1914

Importance of Punctuation.
The Boston Transcript, inventing a neat little lesson in the abuse of the comma, observes: "Some of our great writers pay no attention to punctuation, but how would they like to be attended by a red cross nurse?" This shows what may be effected by putting in a point where it does not belong, and is opposite of the example in the old grammar, where leaving out a period produced the remarkable statement that "King Charles walked and talked three days after his head was cut off."

Birds.
The earliest birdlike creature, known as the "pteroactyl," away back in the mesozoic period, was a flying reptile, batlike, and with a stretch of wing of about eight feet. It was very late, geologically speaking, before true birds—birds that sang—came upon the stage.

New York Newspapers.
Besides thirty-nine newspapers printed in English, New York city has ten in Italian, seven German, seven Yiddish, three Greek, three Hungarian, two French, two Bohemian, two Croatian, one Spanish, Serbian, Syrian and Chinese.

His Position.
Prospective Father-in-Law—"You've got some crust to ask me for an advance payment of the dowry. I think you are a fortune-hunter." The Count—"Oh, no, monsieur, I am only what you Americans call 'a Safety First' crank."

How Insects Breathe.
When a man breathes he uses his muscular strength to draw in the air, and it is afterward forced out automatically. With insects, as a German investigator has just discovered, this process is just reversed. In other words insects take in the air automatically and exert muscular strength only when they expel it.

Two Things Went Together.
An eccentric clergyman was once told by a parishioner that he was a very odd man. "Yes," the clergyman replied, "I set out to be a very good man, and soon found that I could not very good without being very odd!"

Looking to the Future.
New Cashier—"I should like to have an agreement with you to the effect that I shall have a week's notice in case I don't suit." Bank President—"That is easily fixed if you will agree to give us a week's notice before leaving." New Cashier (thoughtfully)—"Well, let it go."—Omaha World.

Remarkable Hen.
Tommy had always lived in the city, but he was spending his holiday at a farm. One day he frightened the hen from her nest and picked two warm eggs out of the nest. He ran with them to his mother and cried: "Look, mother, the hen out in the barn lays eggs already cooked!"

An Exception.
Mr. Jones had been scolding his six-year-old daughter, who retorted: "Don't think, papa, that just because you married mamma you have a right to be rude to all women!"

Shoe String Tips.
When the metal tips come off the shoe strings, wind the end of the string closely and firmly with stout black thread. Then sew through repeatedly. A better tip than ever is the result, and one that never comes off.—Home Department, in National Magazine.

Uncle Flopsie's Comparison.
"A dog," said Uncle Flopsie, "lies down and goes to sleep any time of day. He hasn't the standin' that permits him to pretend that he keeps quiet and shuts his eyes because he's thinkin'."

A Legacy.
"Johnston has inherited a wonderful collection of art works, antiques and bric-a-brac." "From an ancestor who was a connoisseur, I presume?" "Not exactly. From an uncle who was a pawnbroker."

"Made in the U. S. A."
Wild-Eyed Customer—"I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid." Clerk—"This is a hardware store. But we have—er—a fine line of ropes, revolvers, and razors."—Yale Record.

The Victim.
A gentlemen's agreement usually means that the third gentleman is going to get stung.—Aitchison Globe.

A Difference.
Does the world owe you a living? Or do you owe it a life?

MARKETING WORLD'S
GREATEST PROBLEMWE ARE LONG ON PRODUCTION,
SHORT ON DISTRIBUTION.By Peter Radford
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The economic distribution of farm products is today the world's greatest problem and the war, while it has brought its hardships, has clearly emphasized the importance of distribution as a factor in American agriculture and promises to give the farmers the co-operation of the government and the business men the solution of their marketing problem.

This result will, in a measure, compensate us for our war losses, for the business interests and government have been in the main assisting almost exclusively on the production side of agriculture. While the department of agriculture has been dumping tons of literature on the farmer telling him how to produce, the farmer has been dumping tons of products in the nation's garbage can for want of a market.

The World Will Never Starve.

At no time since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden have the inhabitants of this world suffered from lack of production, but some people have gone hungry from the day of creation to this good hour for the lack of proper distribution. Slight variations in production have forced a change in diet and one locality has felt the pinch of want, while another surfeited, but the world as a whole has ever been a land of plenty.

We now have less than one-tenth of the tillable land of the earth's surface under cultivation, and we not only have this surplus area to draw on but it is safe to estimate that in case of dire necessity one-half the earth's population could at the present time knock their living out of the trees of the forest, gather it from wild vines and draw it from streams. No one should become alarmed; the world will never starve.

The consumer has always feared that the producer would not supply him and his fright has found expression on the statute books of our states and nations and the farmer has been urged to produce recklessly and without reference to a market, and regardless of the demands of the consumer.

Back to the Sell.

The city people have been urging each other to move back to the farm, but very few of them have moved. We welcome our city cousins back to the soil and this earth's surface contains 16,092,160,000 acres of tillable land, and they can make a living by tickling the earth with a forked stick, but we do not need them so far as increasing production is concerned; we now have all the producers we can use. The city man has very erroneous ideas of agricultural conditions. The commonly accepted theory that we are short on production is all wrong. Our annual increase in production far exceeds that of our increase in population.

The World as a Farm.

Taking the world as one big farm, we find two billion acres of land in cultivation. Of this amount there is approximately 750,000,000 acres on the western and 1,250,000,000 acres on the eastern hemisphere. In cultivation. This estimate, of course, does not include grazing lands, forests, etc., where large quantities of meat are produced.

The world's annual crop approximates fifteen billion bushels of cereals, thirteen billion pounds of fibre and sixty-five million tons of meat. The average annual world crop for the past five years, compared with the previous five years, is as follows:

Crops—	Decade.	Decade.
Corn (Bu.)	3,934,174,000	3,403,655,000
Wheat (Bu.)	3,522,769,000	3,257,525,000
Oats (Bu.)	4,120,617,000	3,508,315,000
Cotton (Bales)	19,863,800	17,541,200

The world shows an average increase in cereal production of 13 per cent during the past decade, compared with the previous five years, while the world's population shows an increase of only three per cent.

The gain in production far exceeds that of our increase in population, and it is safe to estimate that the farmer can easily increase production 25 per cent if a remunerative market can be found for the products. In textile fibres the world shows an increase during the past half decade in production of 15 per cent against a population increase of three per cent.

The people of this nation should address themselves to the subject of improved facilities for distribution.

Overproduction and crop mortgage force the farmers into ruinous competition with each other. The remedy lies in organization and in co-operation in marketing.

Try to Be More Thankful.

Thankfulness is an unfailing spring of happiness. A thankful person is never habitually grumpy. Only ungrateful people are incorrigibly sullen. Even in a somber mood one can dispel gloom by thinking of his mercies. If you think you can say "I thank you" with a very wry face, try it. The act of pronouncing those words pulls the face into a smile. Many of us could increase the measure of our happiness by deepening our capacity for gratitude.

WE
will
prosperous
thank the
patronage at
the year just do

WM.

WE WILL SELL
EVERYTHING
AT
UNHEARD-OF
PRICES

WM. ROSS
BURLINGTON

GREAT REM
STARTS--SATURDAY

\$25000.00 worth of seasonal
offered to you. Commence

We have decided to give our
apparel, drygoods, silks, etc., etc.,
not want to move anymore merchandise
sell every article in our store. We

BE SURE TO ATTEND

Ladies and Children's
Coats

At less than wholesale
Coats up to \$10.00 at
\$5.00

Coats formerly \$12 at
\$15 at
\$7.50

Coats formerly \$16, \$18
and \$20 at
\$10.50

Coats formerly \$23, \$25
and \$25 at
\$15.00

All children's coats
3 to 15 at a discount
30 of Per Cent.

Nothing Rem
ed, All Co
MUST

REMOVAL
SALE
STARTS
JANUARY

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 nces Austrian vic-
 llejo.
 ture Tracy-le-Val;
 sea, in which Turks
 anlu victory,
 Commons votes a new
 at more than 1,100,000
 arms, exclusive of ter-
 pierce Russian center
 ns surround two Ger-
 Lodz.
 h battleship Bulwark de-
 vision in the Melway river;
 through Russian circle
 merican army evacuates Verna
 usians fall in assault on
 in East Prussia.
 -Artillery fighting renewed
 e aer.
 DECEMBER.
 1.-German Belchatag votes new
 five billion marks; Russians
 ank on the Vistula; King George
 e army in Flanders; French cap-
 tains of Verdennes.
 2.-Austrians take Belgrade by
 ern; Germany claims 80,000 Russian
 oners since November 11; General Du
 et captured.
 3.-London war office announces
 nding of Australians and New Zealand-
 rs in Egypt; Italian premier in parlia-
 ment finds no reasons for a change of
 policy; Servians turn on Austrians in
 three days' battle which ends in a nota-
 ble Servian victory.
 4.-Germans occupy Lodz.
 5.-French attack to the north of
 Nancy repulsed.
 6.-The German squadron under
 Rear Admiral Von Spee is attacked in the
 South Atlantic off the Falkland Islands
 by a British fleet under Admiral Sturdee,
 and the cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau,
 Leipzig and Nueberg are sunk; British
 occupy Bassorah, in Asia Minor.
 7.-Unofficial reports speak of a
 German submarine attack on Dover.
 8.-Russians claim to have beaten
 back three German attacks on Warsaw.
 9.-Berlin announces the Russians
 lost 150,000 men at Lodz; French state left
 bank of the Yser is free of Germans; Col-
 onel Goethals asks two destroyers to pro-
 tect the neutrality of the Canal Zone.
 10.-French bombard Metz forts.
 11.-The Servians, having cut an
 Austrian army to pieces, reoccupy Bel-
 grade.
 12.-British announce the submarine
 B-11 dived under five rows of mines and
 sank the Turkish battleship Mesudieh.
 13.-Thirty thousand U. S. troops
 ordered to Mexico from Vera Cruz,
 where wander bullets killed and wounded
 fifty-two persons on the American side.
 General attack by the allies in Flanders
 and France.
 14.-Seven German cruisers shell
 Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby in
 England; at least ninety-five killed and
 one hundred wounded.

BARBED WIRE ALONG THE FRONTIER

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PROCLAIMING THE HOLY WAR | RUSSIANS NEAR CITY OF CRACOW

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS

A black and white photograph showing three men in military uniforms. The man on the left is looking through a telescope. The man in the center is seen from the back, wearing a backpack. The man on the right is partially visible. They are standing in a field with bare trees in the foreground.

FUNERAL OF BULWARK'S VICTIMS

A black and white photograph showing a large group of sailors in uniform marching in formation on a ship's deck. The sailors are wearing dark uniforms and caps, and are arranged in several rows. In the background, there are various structures and equipment on the ship, including what appears to be a large gun or cannon. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, historical appearance.

Marines in the funeral procession of the victims of the sinking of the British battleship Bulwark entering the cemetery at Gillingham, England.

USES U.S. STABILITY

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
M'ADOO IS OPTIMISTIC.

Sees "Tremendous Era of Prosperity
Next Year After Reaction"
Going to California.

Chicago, Dec. 29.—W. G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, stopped in Chicago a few hours on his way to California.

"I consider it phenomenal that this country should have gone through such a period of business stagnation without a panic," the secretary said in substance. "But everywhere are the signs of a reaction. I look to a tremendous era of prosperity next year. The tide has turned and conditions are already greatly improved over what they were six months ago. We are going to have the greatest period of prosperity we have ever seen."

"What effect has the railroad freight rate increase had in Chicago?" Are the roads taking on more men?" he asked.

"I am receiving reports from all over the country which show that the rate increase and the organization of the reserve banks have done much toward steadying business conditions."

"How about the effect of the European war?" he was asked.

"Any war is injurious to the world, yet we have reached the point where the present war is in some ways an actual benefit. Ever since it began we have unconsciously begun to economize, more so than we did during the financial stringency which preceded it."

IMPORTANT NEWS
ITEMS

Washington, Dec. 25.—Chairman Henry of the house rules committee announced on Wednesday that he would not call up the Mondell woman suffrage resolution before January 10. Opponents of the resolution will combat it on the ground upon which prohibition was defeated—that both suffrage and prohibition are matters to be decided by the states.

Paris, Dec. 25.—The chamber of deputies on Wednesday voted unanimously an appropriation of 8,500,000,000 francs (\$1,700,000,000) to cover the expenses of the next six months, including the cost of the war.

San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 25.—That Provisional President Gutierrez has quit the presidency of Mexico City, due to the differences between him and Gen. Felipe Angeles and followers of Zapata, was reported on Wednesday to T. R. Bellman, local constitutionalist consul.

Columbus, O., Dec. 25.—Former State Senator George K. Catone of Dayton, serving three years in prison for complicity in the legislative bribery scandal of 1911, was pardoned by Governor Cox.

Muscatine, Ia., Dec. 26.—Tom London, half brother of Jack London, the novelist, died here. For years he had lived the life of a hermit.

Tokyo, Dec. 26.—During an interpellation the Japanese minister of foreign affairs, Takaaki Kato, declared that no country had asked Japan to send an army to Europe. The war minister, Lieutenant General Oka, said the Japanese had sent arms to Europe to the value of 10,000,000 yen (\$5,000,000).

PORTUGAL TO JOIN ALLIES

Chamber of Deputies Adopts Intervention Resolution—To Push Preparations.

Lisbon, Dec. 25.—A formal motion embodying the declaration that Portugal is preparing for "intervention in the war in Europe by the side of Great Britain" was adopted by the chamber of deputies. The motion upholds the facts of the recently formed cabinet, declaring that "the political crisis has been solved along constitutional lines" and that "the first acts of the new government were inspired by a patriotic purpose." The chamber expressed its confidence that the government would push forward its preparations for the military defense of its colonies and for intervention in Europe.

Turks Cross Egyptian Line.
Berlin (wireless via London), Dec. 25.—Constantinople reports that Turkish troops have passed the Egyptian frontier in force, according to an official announcement made here.

Constantinople also reports that Russian forces made a night attack on the Turks east of Koprakej.

Many Indian Mohammedans from the British army of occupation in Egypt are deserting to the Turks. Deputations of Indian Mohammedans have been received in Constantinople.

Quincy A. Shaw Taken Ill.
Boston, Dec. 28.—Quincy A. Shaw, president of the Columbian & Hoega Mining company, has been compelled to relinquish all business because of a physical and nervous breakdown, according to a statement made here.

U. S. Troops to Use Canal.
San Francisco, Dec. 28.—The United States army transport Buford, with the Thirtieth Infantry aboard, called for New York by way of the Panama canal. The troops will be assigned to the Plattsburg barracks.

93 ARRESTED BY U. S.

ALMOST EVERY MEMBER OF
TERRE HAUTE ADMINISTRATION
INDICTED.

MAYOR AMONG THOSE TAKEN

Donn Roberts Unable to Secure Bail
and Goes to Jail—Officials Are
Charged With Conspiracy to Corrupt
Election Held Last November 3.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 29.—Practically every member of the city administration of Terre Haute is in the hands of United States authorities as a result of the arrests of 93 persons made there on Saturday on indictments charging a conspiracy to corrupt the election of November 3 last.

Steps taken by Marshal Mark Storck, who is in Terre Haute, indicate that other arrests are to be made. It is said more than one hundred and twenty-five persons were named in the indictments.

Among the men taken were Mayor Donn M. Roberts, who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor in 1916; Dennis Shea, sheriff of Vigo county; Circuit Judge Eli H. Redman; City Judge Thomas Smith and other leading Terre Haute politicians.

Unable to furnish bond of \$10,000 demanded by Marshal Storck, Mayor Roberts was included in a party of 21 of the prisoners who had failed to provide bond, was brought to this city and placed in jail. Mrs. Roberts said she would procure bail for her husband.

The others were released on bonds ranging from \$2,500 to \$10,000 each. Sheriff Shea and Judge Redman were given their freedom on bonds of \$10,000 each.

Almost the only important official of Terre Haute that has not been arrested by federal authorities is Edward Holler, chief of police. Chief Holler is now serving a sentence in the Vigo county jail for contempt of court.

Frank C. Dalley, United States district attorney for Indiana, who conducted the investigation which resulted in the grand jury indictments, said that Holler was among those indicted, but that he probably would not be arrested until he had completed his sentence in the Vigo jail.

Mayor Roberts, who is regarded as the leader of the alleged conspiracy to corrupt the Terre Haute election, is charged with many overt acts in the indictment.

He is accused of levying assessments against proprietors of saloons, dance halls, gambling houses, and resorts, to be used for the registration of voters; of hiring men to transport repeaters from one precinct to another; of conspiring to place only men his money could influence on certain election boards; of ordering the arrest of certain men to prevent their voting, and of directing the making of false registration cards.

When the grand jury completes the investigation of Terre Haute conditions it will take up, according to Mr. Dalley, conditions in Indianapolis, which, in the last election, were said to have rivaled Terre Haute conditions in many precincts, and also in Evansville, where a number of organizations have requested Mr. Dalley to make an investigation.

VILLA LIFTS SIEGE OF NACO

Arizona Border Town Sees Governor
Maytorena Withdraw Five
Miles Away.

Naco, Ariz., Dec. 29.—United States citizens of this town came out of their bomb-proofs, took down the steel plates from their windows and joyously topped over the bulged bay barricades surrounding their bullet-riddled dwellings.

The siege of the Mexican town of Naco was lifted Saturday night. Saturday morning it was seen that Gov. Jose Maria Maytorena, the commander of the Mexican besiegers, had evacuated his entrenchments under cover of darkness and withdrawn his forces a distance of five miles to the east, south and west of the position he has held for the last two months.

BOMB THROWER ENDS LIFE

Dynamiter Murks Explosive In Temple
at San Francisco, Cal.—Five Per-
sons Wounded.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 29.—A man named Vavara, believed to have been a religious fanatic, wrecked the Hindu temple at Filbert and Webster streets on Sunday, exploding a dynamite bomb at the foot of the Swami Trigunat during services. Vavara was last killed, the bomb blowing him in two. The swami was horribly injured about the legs and feet. A congregation four were injured.

Two Kentuckians Are Killed.
Lexington, Ky., Dec. 28.—Two men, Gillan and Urah Everly, brother-in-law, were shot to death on Island, Ky., by Chief of Police Taylor. Both men resisted and were fired on by policeman, who killed them.

Family Wiped Out.
Lebanon, Ill., Dec. 29.—Within forty minutes of the explosion of a gas tank, the family of Viola Hagerman, aged eight, was wiped out. The Hagermans, who had been in the house for a family by typhoid.

ROUT

ENGLISH AVIATOR
TON FLYER

Thought Naval
get—Raider
to

London, Dec. 28.

aerial raid on London. The aeroplane was defeated by the vigilance of the flying corps. The Star, the official announcement of the aeroplane seen over London, stated that a German aeroplane was seen over Gravesend, in the suburbs of London, making down the Thames, flying in the direction of London. British forces pursued it and several shots were fired, without success. No one was dropped.

A hostile biplane was sighted over Sheerness harbor at 12:35. The machine was travelling at speed from the east directly to London.

Naval lookouts at Sheerness sighted the hostile flyer at a great height and a British machine was sent up to intercept it.

A battle in the air followed in which the British aviator hit the enemy's machine three or four times. After a sharp engagement the raider was driven eastward over the sea with the British flyer in pursuit.

Thousands of persons gathered at the sea front to witness the battle. The British machine was not prepared for a long fight and the English aviator returned to Sheerness.

At first it was thought the German was intent upon dropping bombs on the naval arsenal at Sheerness or on some of the British warships anchored there.

Sheerness is in the mouth of the Thames and about thirty-five miles from London.

ITALIANS LAND IN ALBANIA

Troops Aid Inhabitants in Revolt
Against Turkish Rule—May
Cause War.

London, Dec. 28.—A violent revolution has broken out in Albania against Essad Pasha, whom Turkey established as ruler there when the Ottoman government broke into the European war.

Essad Pasha's palace at Tirana has been pillaged and burned. Massacres are reported.

The Italian government has landed sailors from the warships at the principal Albanian port of Avlona to restore order and protect Europeans and the peaceful inhabitants.

Italian intervention may embroil Italy with her recent foe, Turkey, and holds possibilities of far-reaching results.

Recent dispatches from Athens by way of Paris said that anarchy reigned at Avlona and that the region around the Albanian seaport was a prey to civil war.

Italian naval forces occupied Avlona on October 26. The expedition was in a relief expedition.

PROSPERITY SURE TO COME

President of Steel Corporation As-
serts War Profits United.
State \$300,000,000.

New York, Dec. 25.—"A period of prosperity that I believe will come within a few weeks ago is as sure as summer. I know for a fact that Europe has placed manufacturers orders worth of goods for a year. Our only difficulty is providing facilities for the production of the goods. Charles M. Schwab, Bethlehem Steel, returned on the ship."

"My only regret is that the land was too small for the construction of a pean nation. Bryan told me that boats of the navy were on the way."

THREE

Aero Pilot Is Lost at Sea Near Helgo-
land—London Claims All Explosives
Took Effect—Tentons Repulsed From
Metz and Brussels Shelled.

London, Dec. 29.—An official announcement given by the admiralty on Sunday describes the most spectacular battle in the history of warfare, in which land batteries, warships, submarines, boats, aeroplanes, hydroplanes and Zeppelins were engaged.

The battle is that which resulted when the combined British sea and air fleets attacked the German naval station at Cuxhaven, on the south bank of the Elbe's mouth, across from the entrance to the Kiel canal.

The statement follows:
"On Friday, December 25, German warships lying in Schillig roads, off Cuxhaven, were attacked by seven naval aeroplanes.

"The attack was delivered at daylight, starting from a point in the vicinity of Helgoland.

"The British seaplanes were escorted by a light cruiser and a torpedo boat destroyer force, with submarines. As soon as these ships were seen by the Germans at Helgoland two Zeppelins and three or four hostile seaplanes, acting in conjunction with several hostile submarines, attacked them.

"A naval combat ensued between most modern cruisers on the one hand and the enemy's air craft and submarines on the other.

"By swift maneuvering the enemy's submarines were avoided, and the Zeppelins were easily put to flight by the guns of the Undaunted and the Arcturion.

"The enemy's Zeppelins dropped bombs near our ships without hitting any of them.

"The British ships remained for three hours off the enemy's coast. Six air pilots were picked up.

"Three other air pilots were picked up later, according to arrangement, by British submarines which were standing by, their machines being sunk.

"One pilot, Flight Commander Hewitt, is missing. His machine was seen wrecked about eight miles from Helgoland, and his fate is at present unknown.

"The extent of the damage done by the British airmen's bombs cannot be estimated, but all the missiles were discharged on points of military importance.

Berlin, via wireless to Sayville, L. I., Dec. 29.—An attack by British cruisers, destroyers and hydroplanes on the German naval base in the North Sea of which Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven are important centers, is reported in a statement from the admiralty here. The attacks were made December 25.

"The admiralty reports that on December 25 eight British ships made a dash into a German bay. Hydroplanes conveyed by them advanced against the mouths of the German rivers and hurled bombs at the anchored ships there and a gas tank near Cuxhaven, without hitting them or doing any damage. The hydroplanes were fired upon and withdrew to the west.

German airships and aeroplanes reconnoitered against the British forces and hit with bombs two British destroyers and one convoy. Fire started on the latter. Fog prevented a continuation of the fighting."

London, Dec. 29.—English and French aviators, according to official announcements issued on Sunday, have carried out successful aerial attacks upon the important aviation bases of the Germans at Metz and Brussels.

The aviation hangars at Frescaty, near Metz, were bombarded and it is believed considerable damage was done. Bombs and arrows were dropped upon the railway station at Metz and upon the military barracks at St. Privat, just outside the town.

At Brussels 12 bombs were dropped on the Etherbeek airship shed, six of which were effective. The German hangar was burned.

An unofficial dispatch received by the Exchange Telegraph company from Rosendael says:

"It is rumored here that a Zeppelin was sighted near Moutport and was shot at by the allies and all its occupants killed in the debris of the airship as it descended."

With dramatic suddenness the French avenged the Zeppelin attack on Nancy, in which two persons were killed and a number wounded.

France Orders Wrappers.
Chicago, Dec. 28.—France has ordered 250,000 pounds of felt wrappers for the soldiers' canteens from a local company.

British Raid Dardanelles.
Athens, via Paris, Dec. 29.—It is reported that an English submarine entered the Dardanelles and destroyed three of the five series of mines which had been laid in the channel. The submarine escaped undamaged.

Believes German Raider Lost His Life.
London, Dec. 29.—The German aviator who tried to attack the British naval base at Sheerness is believed to have perished. A lighthouse in the North sea said an aeroplane fell into the water.